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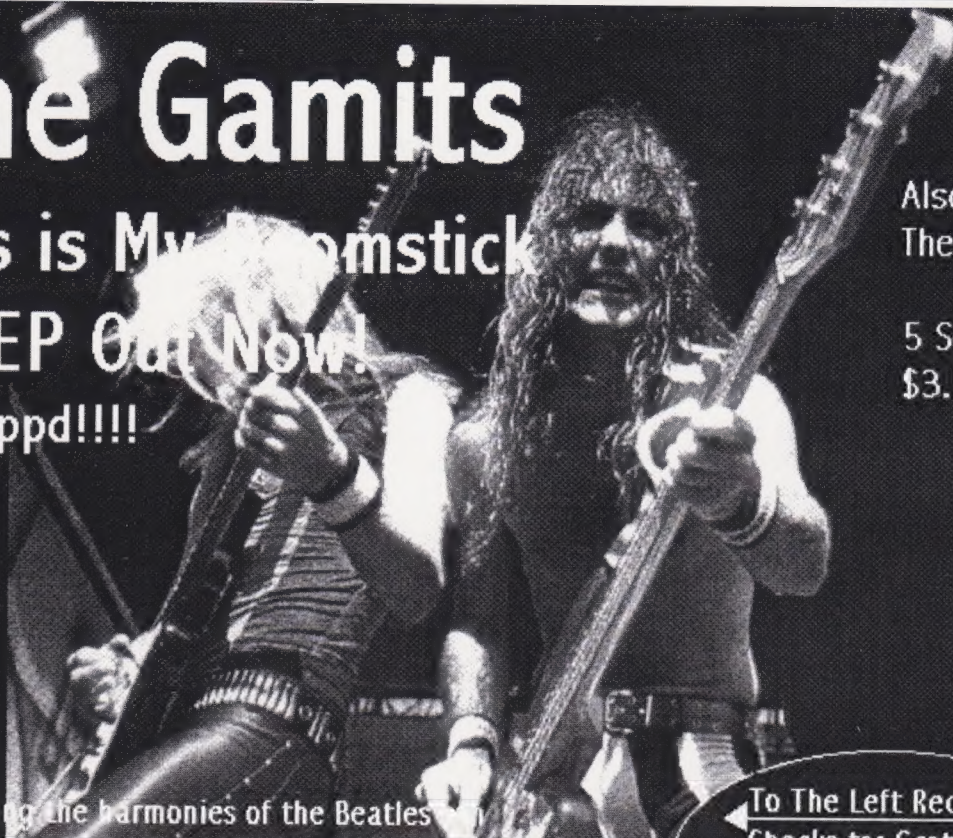
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springtime '99

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This issue was not created on a Mac. This issue was not created through our parents money or any slush funds. No animals were harmed creating this issue...only our feelings.

Dreams all need a basis to thrive, ours was a noble one, a courageous leap of faith for all, not knowing if turning around and walking back is the only way to take that leap forward. We had run the four minute mile, tasted all its glory, persevered the pain for the strange fragrance known as success. It was as if we went through forever, and counting each of the many steps that lay before us, we found out who we truly are. Like the painter, every movement precise, our frame and canvas (commonly referred to as life). We expelled all of our emotions, merely existing. This issue is a landmark, it endured everything from break-ups to deep losses, everything experienced, all at times when a soul's very being is torn...

but we are rewarded
 new discoveries
 new loves
 new reasons for it all to happen again
 all is loved and lost
 only tears and the heart remain

Well there's our way of ripping on the emo bandwagon. If anyone can write or email in with the list of bands that did all those clique titles mentioned in the above passage, then you will win some prizes (maybe the Jimmy Eat World CDEP or something else...)

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Issue #12 Deadline

(Yes, we do have a deadline- can you sense the bitterness?)

May 7, 1999

(If it's not in, it won't be printed- feel the bitterness)

#12 hits the street June 1, 1999

(Sorry, but some zines are crappy about street dates, we're not. end bitterness.)

Lead:	Understudies:	Chorus:
Stefan	Mike, John	You

Contributors in order of outward physical appearance:

Mike McCabe,	Justin Vamped,	Phil,
Hilary Petrock,	Brad Lewis,	Ed Mitchell,
Ross Haenfler,	Erik Blacklist,	Eric Rasmussen,
Dave Paco,	KAP,	Evan O'Meara,
Dan Butcher,	Seth Ferranti,	Dustin Hardgrove
Preston Majority,	Corey Skanker,	Nick Maas,
Christian Beansprout,		

Contributors in this issue:

Scott Weigel, Jim Berres, Christine Barr, Paul Phillpott

Reviewers:

Chris Bean, Nik Buen, John Fish, Dustin Hard, Brad Lew, Mike Mc, Ed Mitch, Evan O, Hilary Pet, Stefan Sub

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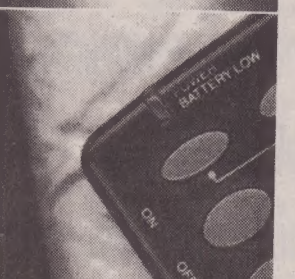
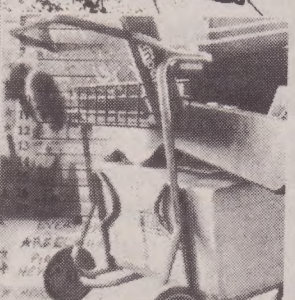
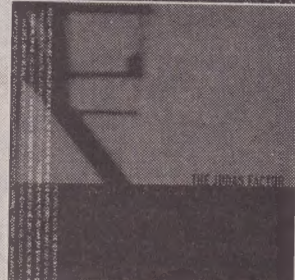
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So another issue is upon us and I feel more compelled to write than

ever before. I find myself thinking out little paragraphs in the ten minute intervals that I walk to and from class. That's my "alone time"- I usually walk by myself and avoid distractions like a walkman. I've realized it's been a while since I've really written more than half a page in my own zine. Sure. It's filled with my reviews and interviews and what not, but right now it's my turn. Hold on kiddies...

On the cover

Dave Paco of Paco Garden Records and the Messy Hairs did the fin artwork that graces this issue's cover. Dave has done designed numerous 7" covers, including a full color, collector's edition one for Illumination Records. Numerous people have already asked me what the E in a circle stands for and Dave says that it's just the symbol for "Equality." I like this cover 'cus it makes me want to think harder during the many times in a day when we are forced to choose between good and evil. I came up with the concept for the back cover and John Fisher put my thoughts into action. The pictures are all ones that I have taken of bands playing in Colorado over the last six months. This is also our first issue with a glossy cover. Dan from TEN THINGS JESUS WANTS YOU TO KNOW zine recommended going to glossy and several stores have begun to carry RITH, saying that a glossy cover is easier to sell than a newsprint one.

Springtime

Spring is coming once again. I can feel it. I begin to see again what a college campus is supposed to look like- kids by the dozen, strewn out over campus lawns and fields, reading or interacting. I've recently decided (although it puzzles me why we DECIDE things like this, like our favorite color and so on-) that my favorite season is Spring. It's not as cold as winter, but cooler than summer and it is filled with variety- snow, rain and sun. All in all, things are much more alive than in the winter.

There used to be a venue in Denver called Area 39. I remember seeing Son of Sam play there when I interviewed them a couple of summers ago. I also taped some of their set and for weeks afterwards would listen to a 30 second clip of a song talking about springtime and peaches on trees or something to that effect. It really spoke to me. The song itself was what they call "emo" these days, but was played before that was such a catchy thing. It wasn't like kids would line up at the front of the stage and all nod back and forth at the same time. Back and forth, back and forth, like school kids falling asleep but making the teacher think they're nodding in agreement.

The other springtime song that speaks to me is Leatherface's ("There's a little springtime in the back of my mind.") and I'm sure you'll notice the article that I finally decided to write in this issue. If you have anything to add to it or have anymore questions, feel free to email me at wilds@colorado.edu.

Spring is here and now that it's my favorite, I might as feel make the best of it.

IRS = Impossible to Rest Soundly

I really felt sorry for Mike (ad guy [and friend] here) a few weeks ago. The federal government demanded proof that his dad was in fact

A BRIEF GLIMPSE OF PERFECTION STEFAN



benefits would be cut off to his mother and they'd be taxed heavier again. Mike got me to thinking how ironic it is that you should have to furnish certified death certificates to justify not paying taxes for the deceased.

Four years and none to go

Me and Hilary celebrated four years in January with a nice little dinner. It was weird thinking that it'll be the last one we'll celebrate together seeing as how WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE on January 1, 2000, aren't we? Suckers.

Show - man - ship

It's something that brand new bands just don't have. There is no School of Stage Presence to the best of my knowledge. All I can do right now is recommend that you go see classic bands that are notorious for their live show. Roger of Agnostic Front singing Crucify while his band of tattoo drenched old farts like Vinny Stigma celebrate over ten years on the stage. The guys from Sloppy Seconds taking up every possible square inch of stage area as they ask the crowd why lesbians don't love them. Vocalist BA even needed to get some oxygen from a tank before busting into an encore with the tall, lather-jacket clad figure of Marky Ramone beat the skins. GBH entertaining a nice crowd at the Ogden. The guitarist gives a no-look toss of a lit cigarette tat is only topped by the no-look catch of it by the singer before he yells out the chorus to Malice in Wonderland. Old bands are sometimes unmatched by newer ones, lets' hope the new breed is taking notes.

Suburban Home/ Mafioso Colorado-style

I did take a job at Suburban Home Records in Denver, but no, there will be no conflict of interests, I'll just give the releases to some other reviewer. Basically Virgil calls the shots and I run around like a chicken with its head chopped off. I guess though that if you're going to be someone's bitch, you might as well be the bitch of a classy guy like Virgil. The Colorado Zine Mafia looks like a better idea than I initially expected. It's a good variety of zines (with open doors to new ones) that try to give each other some credit and publicity, while still maintaining their own feel. Pretty cool idea. Send a stamp for the latest issue of the CZM.

Demos

Got a few this issue. DIZZY DIZZY is a nice rocking band that can groove harder than most. It's simple, but could really punch you in the mouth if you saw them live. Email dizzydizzy@hotmail.com. ALL OR NOTHING (www.ontherag.net) play female fronted fast punk that is too hard to judge from just the 3 songs on the tape. They'll turn into something though. STILL LEFT STANDING, are a rocking new band with a great demo that needs to be longer so that I can keep on rocking out. John from Cretsfallen put this out on 7 Lucky and plays guitar. Nick from the Facet sings and has vocals that sound more and more like Hot Water Music every time. A damn good tape.

Bring on the rest of the zine

Yeah, bring it on. I hope you appreciate it. We'll settle back into our new format next issue with full versions of the columns introduced here and our new feature of artists doing punk covers. We love letters, keep them rolling; it's now worth it for me to bike down to the PO Box every other day to a stack of mail!

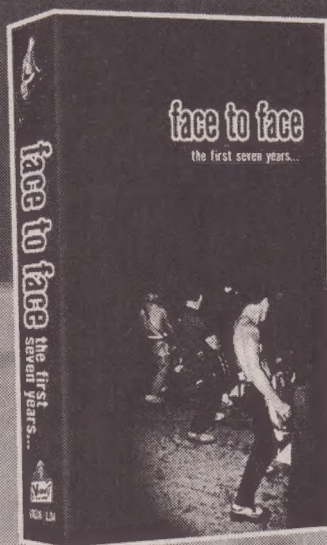
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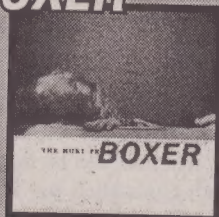
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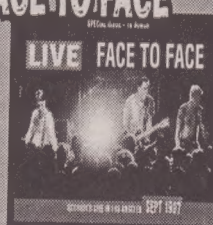
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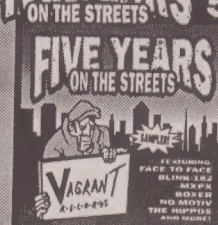
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AMERICAN HISTORY X

[THIS IS NOT A MOVIE REVIEW]

by Mike Becker

My first thoughts on leaving the movie theater was to call Stefan. I wanted to say I understood why he put out issue #7. I saw the movie alone, (as my girlfriend {at the time} said some of the best movies she ever saw was when she's alone) and I thought that I needed to talk to someone. I knew Stefan would of appreciated it. But I didn't. I'm sitting in a freezing cold car scribbling down this column way to slowly for my mind -- so I guess this'll go to print.

As I left the theater and smoked a cigarette, everyone filed out to their cars. An old bald man was the last to leave. I was sitting sullen, just thinking. He asked me if I was OK, I lied and said that I was fine. I half expected him to assume that I was the hateful nazi skinhead he just saw in the movie, and in some surround-sound scene give me some world altering real-life lecture. But he didn't (and I am worried that the movie portrays all skins as nazis, all punks as nazis), he just swallowed my lie, and left.

But I wasn't OK. I felt like shit. I had a lump in my throat a million times bigger than the lie he had just swallowed. My lie was bigger. I'm part of what goes on in the big ol' picture screen. I've lied to myself. I live in a community where this is an issue. As I move from the early Lagwagon/Blink 182 phase towards Black Flag and on, I can no longer turn my face from the problem I've too long ignored. I wasn't here when it was blatant. I didn't go to shows in the late 70's and 80's. I don't fear a thing after a shows gets out. I'll burn a smoke from anyone and walk to my car, without glancing over my shoulder. I've never witnessed a single confrontation, let alone been in one. I'm in my little realm, the problem isn't visible. And if it's out of sight, it's out of mind.

But there it was, in Dolby noise reduction, a full screen view of an inked swastika over a guy's heart. I'm not by any means saying what is on the big screen is real, by no stretch of the imagination, but it did get me to think. I saw something that I don't stand for, something that should be fought against at all costs. And I thought it wasn't a problem. But maybe I was just looking away, turning my head. Even if it isn't a problem now, I wasn't off the hook. After WWII not a lot of nazi propaganda floated around back in the States. Everyone was on their toes. But now what? I was one of the people kind of caring, but not doing anything. Sure it's easy to say you fight racism, but it's easier still just to wear the button. It's in. You see as many anti-swastika buttons and patches at a show as CU sweatshirts on a Sunday crowd in Boulder. How many people truly root for and know their Buffs (and I mean detailed stats and more)? How many kids at shows would not wear those messages if the nazi problems came back full fledge? Hell, how many kids would go to shows? I'm not meaning this article as a condemnation of all those who where these buttons and patches, because I do far less. I'm meaning this article to be a glimpse (for you and I) into my awakening.

As I saw a person with 'White Power' on his arm spew forth nazi propaganda, I knew

it was time to face the problem, and to further prevent it. No longer would I be the person looking the other way. No. And I won't let these problems come back either.

But there is a flashback in my mind (yes, to another mass-media produced image). To a scene from E.R. where a man in critical condition come is, unconscious, with a swastika tattoo. The nurse, after a bit of delay, starts working on him after deciding not to treat a none-nazi with lesser injuries. It turns out the swastika branded man was a former nazi, who chose to use his tattoos to both remind himself of his past atrocities, and as a tool to talk to current nazi members. So what's this moral? Don't kick a person's ass for his markings, confront them for their beliefs. I hope that was blatantly obvious to everyone, and I hope that I truly did not have to write that.

But I can't let this article end on the that happy high note. Sorry guys, but this movie screwed with me too much. I saw lives get torn apart by Hate. I saw Hate. Hate and some more narrow minded Hate. And there's still some of that festering and waiting to multiply in the community that I've grown to love. And if we can't stop it here, and continue to prevent it, how can we collectively ever truly make a difference in the world outside? Sure my little voice of zero nazi tolerance might not make a big difference in the scene today. But maybe my voice will take the place of that 34 year old punk rock man who doesn't come to shows any more, and finds himself listening more and more to the radio. I refuse to simply just delay the problem until I'm (god-forbid) in my late 30's and dead (to our community). I will teach any of my possible future kinds to speak out against it, and help others to see the transparent problems, and why you cannot hide -- why you must confront. "Oh sure Mike, easy to say . . . but . . .?" But how am I going to do this?

STEP ONE: I'm going to encourage people to go see the movie. Someone needs to steal or buy a copy and run off some bootlegs. By the time you have this in hand, it should be close to being out on video. So here goes my encouragement: GO SEE THE FUCKING MOVIE! (phew, I almost wrote a whole article with only one fucking cuss word, but I saved it.)

STEP TWO: Jeff Demers (La Mala Manzana -- read it.) and I are in the process of making a new patch design. I've come up with the artwork and he should be running them shortly. As always we'll need help in distro, so step up buster. This patch is meant to make a stronger statement than those floating around now. This patch is meant to say "I have a fucking commitment, and will stand for this forever no matter how many times you nazi fists knock me down and out." I know that anyone can send that message loud and clear without wearing this art, but I want nazis to see this and realize it means something. Old images sometimes loose their messages. I am in no way trying to create an elitist's exclusive club of new patch wearers, and if this is what takes off, I'll be the first to condemn it. Here's the info. Free Thinking Youth Patch, P.O. Box 1712, Colorado Springs CO, 80901-1712. I can be contacted at MTBecker@aol.com. Now here's the art work (note: feel 100% free to bootleg this idea or straight up copy this art and press your own patches, buttons, posters, t-shirts, key chains, soda pop coolers, beer mugs, limited edition collector plate series, etc):



! PAGE # 7!

CHRISTIAN BEANSPROUT IS.. PUNK POP

I've been hearing the term "role model" a lot lately, and much to my confusion, it's been ascribed to me. Why me? I'm nothing special. I'm not a rock star or legend. Shit, it takes me five years to put a zine out! Sure, I suppose if I had even a bit of an ego, I might say that I've done a lot, seen a lot, and as a result, maybe affected a lot, but who hasn't?!

Not too long ago, I sent some zines and stuff to my friend, Aaron. Aaron has inspired a lot of people in the scene with his zine, COMETBUS, and was a driving force in my all-time, favorite band, CRIMPSHIRE (as well as PINHEAD GUNPOWDER, and many other efforts and endeavors). Yeah... the obligatory name dropping that goes along with being in the punk scene.... Anyway, Aaron told me he thought I was a good role model. I found this very flattering and totally frightening at the same time. He's inspired me more than just about any other person in punk rock and even more so outside of it. To hear something like this, from someone who has had such a big impact on your life is incredibly flattering, but it also makes you realize just how much responsibility is laid on your shoulders.

To everyone who is in a band, does a zine, or just happens to be an old-fart in the punk scene: CONGRATULATIONS! YOU ARE BEING WATCHED. YOU ARE BEING IMITATED. YOU ARE INSPIRING A WHOLE NEW GENERATION OF PUNKS IN EVERYTHING YOU SAY, WRITE, AND DO. YOU ARE EXPERIENCING A SORT OF "PARENTHOOD." DON'T FUCK UP!!!

Yes, it's true. You are being watched. Maybe you are admired. Your every action is recorded in the mind of the kids who look up to you. They look to you for advice. They want to know what you eat, what you think of Band X selling out, if you think that it's "punk" to look "normal" or to wear a spiked leather jacket and dye your hair green. They want to know if you like porn, if you're concerned about social and political issues, if you think it's "punk" to flunk outta school.

For a lot of you, this will be your only experience as a "parent." Perhaps you should consider yourself fortunate. But... you're NOT off the hook. What you do, what you say, what you publish, the way you act, all these things and more, they are on display to those who will continue on IN YOUR FOOTSTEPS! Think I'm kidding? I'm not Dick Lucas or Jello Biafra, but it's already been proven to me. Christ! I'm not even twenty-eight years old yet! Nonetheless, I'm stuck in the position of mentor and "hero" to some. I have to be responsible whether I like it or not.

A close friend of mine once told me that he and a small group of friends had come to the conclusion that they were the "New Breed" of the "Stink Town Crew" (even though they are a bit

older, and more active than most kids in the Greeley scene). He went on to say that a lot of their philosophy was based on MY



values and ideals that I had "taught" them. Shelly and I joke about the group of younger kids she had referred to as "the Church of Christian," and to my new status as "cult leader." But it was far more unsettling for me than I could possibly let on. Here I am. I'm a guy who talks a lot of shit, who has a lot of bad habits, who can't live up to the meagerest of his ideals, and there's this group of people who decide that I somehow have given them something real to aspire to?!

Sure, I hope I've given something positive back to Punk Rock. It's given me insights to the world around me, to other to different ideas, and to who I am. But what exactly do these kids see? I guess I can't answer that concretely. It would be easier to come up with an answer to Bailey's questions like "Why do we get nighttime, daddy?"

One thing that none of us realize, and I'm talking to ALL of you in the scene, is that, by the mere and simple fact that we affect different styles of dress and appearance, different sets of codes and rules, we have set ourselves apart, and people take notice. They watch us, either to see if we TRULY have something better than the crap that we've all been fed since birth, or they may be looking to us for guidance. That's why it's important to take responsibility for EVERYTHING we say and do. We have to be able to back it up. We have to consider that everything we do, to others or ourselves, has a huge consequence and may just be the straw that "breaks the camel's back." We really can change the world. It's up to each and every one of us to realize this and act accordingly.

I'm not saying that we must find uniformity, follow dogma, accept any person(s) or idealism as some sort of absolute authority. But we have

to realize the effects of our actions on the kids, whether they're our children or the next generation of punks. Don't TRY to be a "hero," that will happen whether you try or not, whether you like it or not.

"ALL HEROES ARE DEAD!!!"

... let that be your motto, or don't, but it's one of mine. If it weren't for a lot of older punks, I'd still believe a lot of bullshit and lies. I wouldn't look beyond the superficial shit that still bogs the scene down (actually, it's worse than ever before). And dare I say it, but the new kids may be the real "parents", the true role models, given half the chance to show it.

Yeah, I guess I went all over the place again. Some of you may be wondering how this all ties to my usual look at parenting. Think about it. We're always looking to those who somehow equal our "parents" to help us along. I'm not saying anyone goes to a show and finds someone who acts like their crazy, religious-nut dad (unless they happen to go to Greeley, where the vast majority of the scene is comprised of "Christian Punks." Kinda contradictory in terms, eh?). But people are always looking for someone to guide them, or at least help them out. I never really realized just how much we do this, until I had a daughter. She imitates my actions (whether I like what I see, or not). She asks me about the things she doesn't understand, expecting to find out the truth. She needs me to guide her through the options in life, and she looks at my choices and the things I do to offer her an example of what she should do. That's one big fuckin' lump of responsibility!

So, would-be hero, watch what you say and do. And incidentally, that's all of you.

Endnotes ala Board

"Rape" is not a word that should be thrown around lightly. Nonetheless, this VIOLENT CRIME takes place all the time, in every segment of society, and contrary to the disillusion of some, "punk" boys do indeed rape, just like other assholes, in other scenes. It is only after thoroughly looking into the situation that I can say what follows. A close friend of mine was raped. In fact, many of my friends, and almost every woman I know has been oppressed in such a way. I have never felt so powerless as the many times when I have been told these words, "I was raped..." I never did anything. Not even when I was raped. But NO MORE! I'd like to inform everyone, whether you happen to know this little sack of shit or not, that JOSH ANDERSON of Greeley IS A RAPIST! It happened to someone close to me, and it's possible that she is not the only one. If you know him, or happen to meet him, at a show or wherever, let him know what you think of rape and the scum that perpetrate this violent crime. Whatever your method of "schooling," I'm sure it's appropriate.

- A zine, pretty much focused on the Greeley scene and the problem with rape and rapist-mentality here, will be available in the coming weeks. Despite it's local-focus, it has valuable information about rape, dealing with the aftermath, true accounts of rape in the victims' own words, and a lot of words on the topic from lots of bands (past and present). All profits will go to S.A.S.I., a sexual assault survivors' advocate group in Greeley, and a benefit show is also in the works. Write to me for more information, or to get involved. I'll let you know how to get a copy next issue.

- Remember that crack about "P.C.-types" in my endnotes, last issue? Well, I definitely was not out to dismiss what others believe by marginalizing them with such a hollow slogan. I am not bothered by the reference to women as "chicks," though it does bother some. And furthermore, a great deal of my socio-

political viewpoints are marginalized as "politically correct," as well. I don't feel that an apology is warranted to anyone, but I did wish to clarify that, as it rubbed ME the wrong way, and I'm the schmuck that wrote it!

- Hey! Folks who can help me out with free photocopies on both ledger and legal size paper, please get in touch!

- Big thanx and tips of my hipster woolie to Courtney Callahan of PSYCHIC SPARKPLUG (rad screenprinting company, based in SF) and THE DEMONICS for screening Bailey a kid-sized DEMONICS t-shirt (they're her favorite band).

- As a sorta related note to this issue's column; while I was out in the Bay Area over the (No) Thanksgiving holiday, I had the pleasure to see Jake Sayles-for the first time in a long time. We talked about this role model business, and just how creepy it can be, while waiting for GRIMPLE to go on, at Gilman St. He expressed to me, that I should tell all of the little FILTH-worshippers out here to "stop worshipping fucking heroes and to think for themselves." Perhaps it sounds mean, but Jake a nice, humble, down-to-earth guy, and well, he's right. Take inspiration, but burn the idol!

- That's all I've got for you-z guyz this time. Contact me at: P.O. Box 1943, Greeley, CO 80632-1943, with the usual questions, comments, praise, and complaints, but please don't forget the money, foodstamps, scam ideas, religious art, and other such things that make life worth living. Until next time....

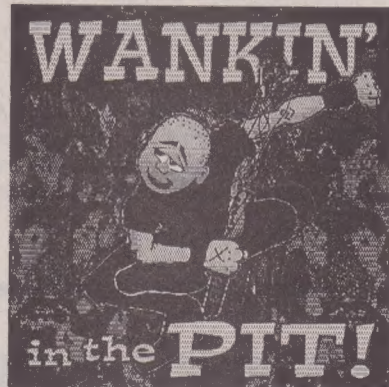
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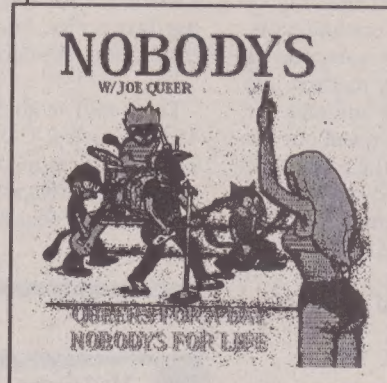
Decay
Back in the House 7"



Various Artists
Wankin in the Pit CD



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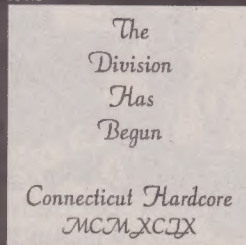
EAST COAST EMPIRE

ECE11



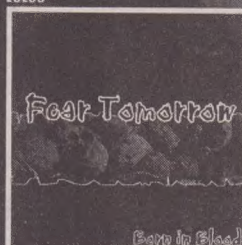
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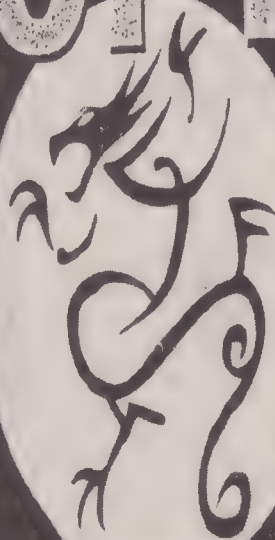
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WAR ON WANKERS!

BY PHILLY IDOL

THE WAR ON WANKERS...

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO DON'T REMEMBER ME, I'M PHIL. I WROTE A COLUMN IN RATS IN THE HALLWAY 4 ABOUT MY HATRED OF STRAIGHT EDGE. IF ANY OF YOU THOUGHT THAT I WAS STUPID BECAUSE I WAS DEFENDING MY ADDICTION TO A DESTRUCTIVE LIFE STYLE, YOU WERE RIGHT. I WROTE ABOUT THE FREEDOM OF DRINKING, AND SO ON. THAT WAS ALL STUPID, AND I'M OFFICIALLY APOLOGIZING TO YOU ALL (ESPECIALLY DUSTIN). I HAVE SINCE QUIT ALL FORMS OF CHEMICAL INGESTION, INCLUDING DRINKING AND DOING DRUGS. I SEE THE NOW THE DESTRUCTIVENESS OF A LIFESTYLE CENTERED AROUND CHEMICAL PLEASURES. BUT, AND HERE'S THE CATCH, I DO NOT APOLOGIZE FOR MY WORDS AGAINST STRAIGHT EDGE. I STILL AM FIRM IN MY BELIEF THAT STRAIGHT EDGE IS A WORTHLESS BELIEF IN THE STRENGTH OF YOUR FRIENDS TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR OWN SORROWS. IT IS MUCH "STRONGER" TO DO IT BY YOURSELF. SO, I'M NOT STRAIGHT EDGE, SORRY.

WHAT I AM, IS A CRUSTY PUNK FROM GREELEY (STINKTOWN). I AM NOT AN ANARCHIST ANYMORE EITHER, BUT DO HAVE STRONG POLITICAL BELIEFS THAT CANNOT BE CLASSIFIED INTO A SYSTEM. I BELIEVE IN THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE TO CONTROL THEMSELVES, WITHOUT MUCH USE FOR POLICE, AND WITHOUT THE EXTERNAL PRESSURE ACHIEVED BY STEPPING ON THE MAN WHO IS LESS CAPABLE THAN YOU. I GUESS I'LL COME OUT WITH SOME SORT OF EXPLANATION OF WHAT I'M GOING TO TALK ABOUT HERE. COPS, THE NEEDS FOR AND AGAINST AND, MAYBE I'LL THROW IN SOME JUICY STORIES, TOO.

LATELY I HAVE HAD A LOT OF TROUBLE WITH THE PIGS IN THE AREA OF GREELEY AND NORTHEAST COLORADO. LAST WEEK, ME AND SOME OF THE PUNKS WERE HANGING AROUND DOWNTOWN IN THE PLAZA, LIKE ALWAYS. WE WEREN'T DOING ANYTHING, I WAS SKATEBOARDING (DIE ROLLERBLADERS!) AROUND WHEN A LITTLE PIG WITH A BIG EGO RODE UP TO THREE OF US. HE WAS THE KIND OF PIG I HATE THE MOST, A BIKE COP. YOU KNOW THE KIND, TOO, DARK SUNGLASSES, MUSCULAR, AND ITCHING TO USE HIS PEPPER SPRAY AND HANDCUFFS ON A COUPLE OF PUNKS. THIS COP PROCEEDED TO ASK ME MY NAME, AND THE REST OF MY PERSONAL INFORMATION. I TOLD HIM, HALF SARCASTICALLY. IT CLEARLY MADE HIM ANGRY WHEN I LAUGHED AT HIM AND MADE FUN OF HIS POSITION. THE STRAW THAT BROKE THE CAMEL'S BACK WAS THAT I TOLD HIM THAT THERE WERE SOME OLD PEOPLE WITH LEATHER JACKETS AROUND, MAYBE THEY WERE THE PUNKS THAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR. THEN I LAUGHED. HE YELLED AT ME AND ASKED WHAT MY PROBLEM WAS. I TOLD HIM THAT I DIDN'T LIKE COPS, AND DIDN'T APPRECIATE BEING HARASSED BY HIM. LONG STORY SHORT, HE RODE A LITTLE WAYS OFF AND THEN FOLLOWED US FOR A WHILE.

POINT BEING THAT COPS ARE GENERALLY ABUSIVE, AND UNNECESSARY. COPS SHOULD RULE OVER TRAFFIC VIOLATIONS AND CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY. BUT IN THAT CASE, HE SAW HIS OPPORTUNITY TO FLEX HIS POWER OVER SOME KIDS HALF HIS SIZE, AND TOTALLY INNOCENT. EGO AND ENDORPHINS POWER TODAY'S MACHINES OF AUTHORITY, NOT THE NEED FOR SOCIAL HARMONY OR PEACE. WHEN THE AUTHORITY OF THE PEOPLE THAT WE CHOOSE TO PROTECT US FROM ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIORISTS OUTWEIGHS THE NEED TO BE LEFT ALONE IN THE PEOPLE THAT ARE INNOCENT

OF ANY WRONG DOING, WE MUST UPHEAVE THE SYSTEM AND MAKE THINGS BETTER IN OUR GOVERNMENT.

PART TWO OF MY SOAP BOX RANTING HAS TO DEAL WITH JUST SOME PUNK STUFF THAT'S GOING ON AND SOME PROJECTS THAT ARE WORTHY OF MENTION. PROFANE EXISTENCE HAS CALLED IT QUITS. THIS IS PRETTY SAD FOR ME. PE WAS THE BIGGEST PUNK AND ANARCHO PROJECT IN THE WORLD, AND DID A LOT FOR THE PUNK COMMUNITY WORLDWIDE. MY BUDDY DAN AND A FEW OTHER GUYS FROM PE WILL CONTINUE TO RUN A DISTRO CALLED BLACKENED DISTRO. LOOK THEM UP. WHEN SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAPPENS TO THE CRUST AND PUNK COMMUNITY, IT MAKES US ALL REALIZE THAT NETWORKING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE SURVIVAL OF OUR COMMUNITY. FOR THOSE OF YOU THAT ARE READING THIS, AND ARE NO DOUBT BY NOW WONDERING WHAT THE HELL I'M TALKING ABOUT (CRUST ETC.) THEN KEEP WONDERING BECAUSE MOST OF YOU WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND. WE ARE DEDICATED TO A LIFESTYLE OF PUNK THAT IS DIFFERENT THAN ANYTHING MOST OF YOU KNOW. POP PUNKS PISS US OFF, BECAUSE THEY CLAIM TO BE SOMETHING THAT THEY WILL NEVER BE OR KNOW. (POP PUNKS IN THIS CASE REFERS TO LAGWAGON LOVING FAT WRECK CHORDS SOCCER FANS, WHO HAVE CHAIN WALLETS LONGER THAN THEIR LEGS AND START BANDS ABOUT GIRLS.) IN MOST CASES, THEY HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO DEDICATION TO PUNK.

WHAT I'M SAYING IS THAT I AM NOT THE SAME AS MOST OF YOU. I BELIEVE IN SOMETHING THAT MOST PEOPLE JUST DON'T KNOW. AND FRANKLY, I DON'T MIND. I HEARD SOMEONE SAY THAT ALL THE PUNKS HAVE MOVED TO THE REALM OF THE UNWASHED, AND THAT WE AREN'T EVEN PUNKS ANYMORE. WHAT WE ARE IS PUNKS THAT ARE TOO PROUD OF OUR LIFESTYLE TO ASSOCIATE IT WITH THINGS THAT ARE DESTRUCTIVE TO OUR LIFESTYLE. I HEARD SOMEWHERE THAT 80'S PUNK WAS ABOUT CHANGE, REVOLUTION AND SOCIAL UPHEAVAL. BUT THAT 90'S PUNK WAS THERE TO ADD SOME HUMOR TO THE LIVES OF THE PUNKS. FORGET THAT, I'M NOT A CLOWN TO AMUSE ANYONE. I AM A PUNK, AND TRUE TO THE CAUSE. IF IT SEEMED LIKE I WAS ACTING BETTER THAN ANYONE, I REALLY DON'T MEAN TO THAT MUCH. I JUST WANTED TO BLOW OFF SOME STEAM. I REALLY DO GET ALONG WITH ANYONE WHO IS A GOOD PERSON.

-I'M IN 2 BANDS, KONSTRUX (WHICH IS A POWER VIOLENCE BAND) AND UNCLE SHAM (WHICH IS HEAVY, FAST CRUST.) IF YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT EITHER OF THEM, SEND ME A LETTER, OR CHECK OUT OUR WEBSITE AT [HTTP://WWW.ANGELFIRE.COM/CO/UNCLESHAM/INDEX.HTM](http://www.angelfire.com/co/unclesham/index.htm) AND [HTTP://WWW.ANGELFIRE.COM/CO/KONSTRUX/INDEX.HTML](http://www.angelfire.com/co/konstrux/index.html).

-IF ANYONE OUT THERE IS READING THIS AND HAS SOMETHING TO SAY, SEND ME A LETTER INSTEAD OF WRITING A COLUMN ABOUT IT IN RITH. OR IF YOU'RE IN A BAND, SEND ME YOUR DEMOS. I'LL BUY IT IF YOU SEND ME THE INFO.

-AND FINALLY THANKS TO STEFAN (WHO IS THE COOLEST GUY, REALLY.), SHEENA (MY GIRL), ALL THE STINKTOWN PUNKS AND METAL HEADS, AND EVERYONE ELSE I GET ALONG WITH.

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a horror for mankind

the biggest horror:
feelings corrupted,
the sadness of it all:

my sadness turns to anger;
what a terror.

the more vivid it gets;
the more pain i feel,
its overcoming my mind;

my anger turns to hatred;
what a heartache.

the fear is overwhelming:
the hatred intensifies,
the shame of the situation:

my hatred turn to violence;
the horror of it all.

WILD HEARTS

Alas, far more unhithered
Wild hearts delivered

From such a broken hand
Deceived unkown too much
I seek to understand
My world, her touch
Simplicity now uncovered
Gracious is my lover

Alas, far more unhithered
Wild hearts delivered

Seeking out her eyes
Captured underneath
Slowly her disguise
Gives way to what's beneath
Love is not so fair
Does she even care

Alas, far more unhithered
Wild hearts delivered



PART 1

THIS IS MY LIFE
NOT YOURS,
MINE.
TO LIVE HOW I WANT TO LIVE
TO BE WHO I WANT TO BE,
SO FUCK YOU.
DON'T TELL ME HOW TO BE,
I'LL FIGURE IT OUT FOR MYSELF.

PART 2

MY LIFE IS NO MINISTRY TO JESUS
MY LIFE IS NOT PATTERNED AFTER GOD
MY LIFE DOESN'T MEAN A THING TO YOU
MY LIFE IS ALL BUT GONE.

MY LIFE DOESN'T DANCE INTERCHANGING
MY LIFE IS NO FUCKING CHARADE
MY LIFE IS ALL MY CREATION
MY LIFE IS ALL I HAVE.

I'M NOT DEAD;
BUT IS THIS TRULY LIVING?



Terrorism

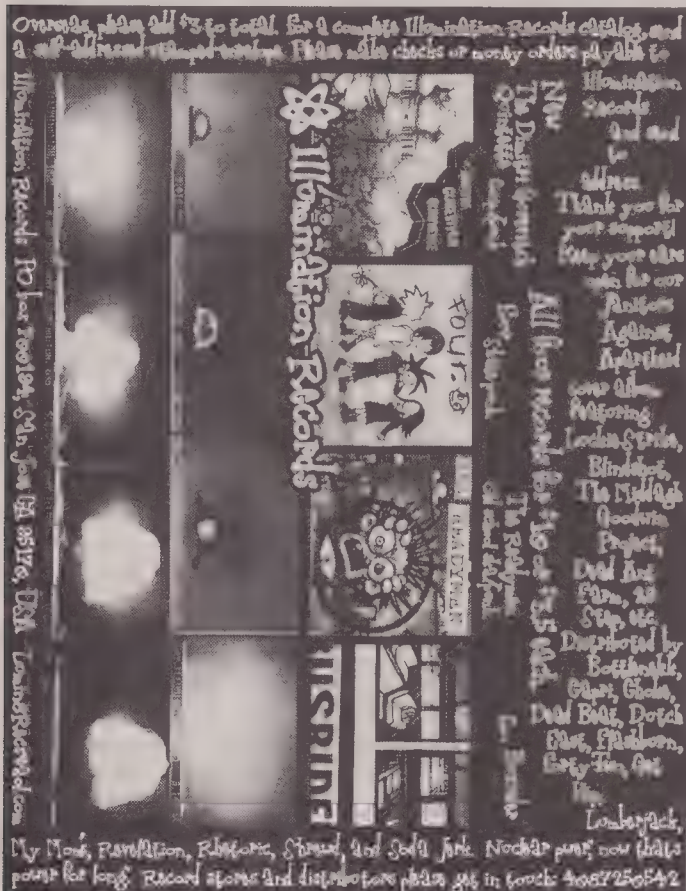
Strutting to Hell

I'm walking down the hall;
There's no one around
Only me,
I'm in my own world
No One bothers me.
I light up a cigarette.
If they only knew
(they refers to the teachers,
preachers, and cops)
what would they think?
I don't care,
I don't care about nothing.
I stop
And glance around;
Paranoia,
Is someone watcing me?
No, it must be all the drugs;
I walk on down the hall.

Timeslip

Evolution stops-
retreats-
inside my brain-my decisions
contort-my willingness-
to subside-from existence-
I delude-myself-into believing-
receding-memories-of happiness-

*As always write Seth at:
18205-083, Box 350
Beaver, WV 25813*



superdot

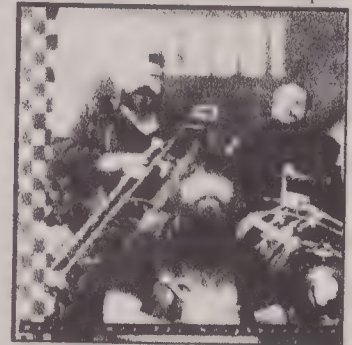
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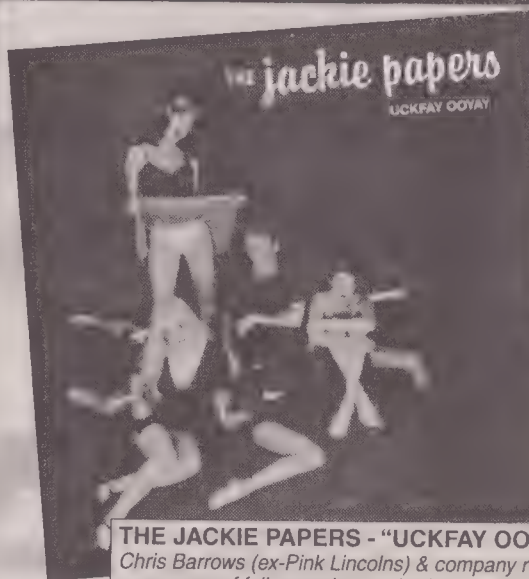
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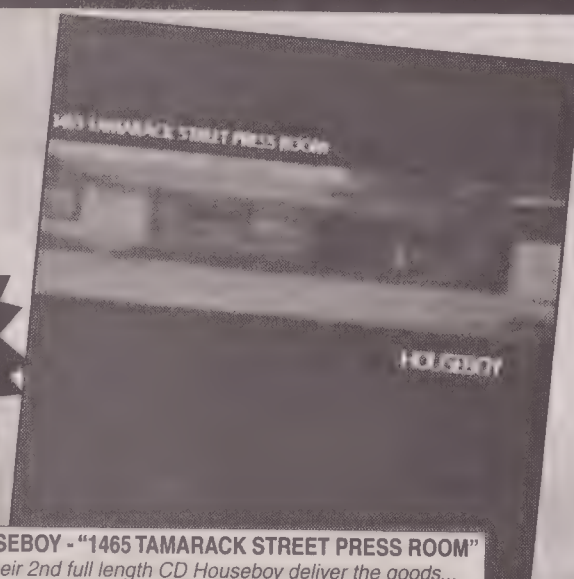
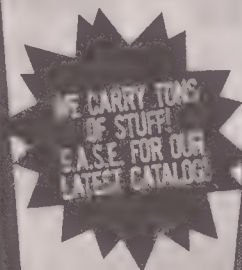
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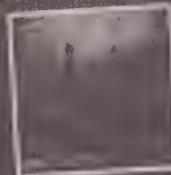
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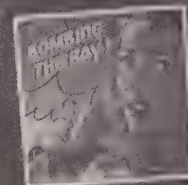
OUT NOW



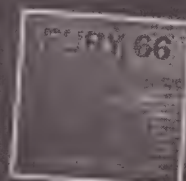
Swerve driver 7



Descendents 7"

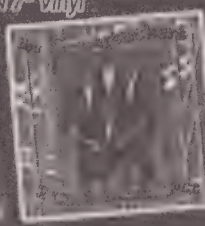


AFI Swingin' Utters
Split 7"



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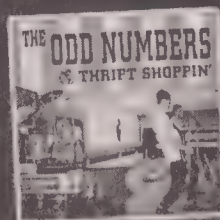
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ON 7" Vinyl



the Supersuckers
Hai Karate



Split 7"



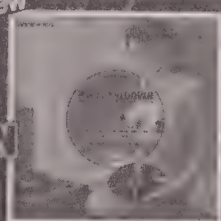
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& THRIFT SHOPPIN'



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Strom Thurman, Trent Lott, and YAK kept me up all night. My bed was soft. Every time I turned the pillow over it got colder, and the continuous droning of my fan created perfect sleeping conditions for someone who had been awake for three days. However, an anxiety attack gripped my body, while I gripped my chest and gasped for sleep. Every other week I have these anxiety episodes, most of the time they are coffee-induced, but tonight I passed up that nefarious narcotic, and opted to try for unattainable sleep. All I could do was sit there, listen to my heart speed up, slow down, and think about the images flying behind my eyes, one of those images was a crust-ridden fossil. Towards the beginning of his career, Strom Thurman filibustered against civil rights. As sickening as that may be, at the time, it was the status quo. In the face of my unnatural faith in people to change, I find Thurman's long running political career to be a slap in the face of open-mindedness and intelligence. Yet in this supposed era of political correctness, we have supposedly become more of an accepting society. Or are the evils still out there and just masked better than ever before? Does it take a "leader" of this country deep-throating their penny loafer before their true feelings are exposed? The media has unconsciously covered up the deplorable words of Trent Lott behind a sea of Clinton hurting and impeachment hype. The majority leader ridiculously stated last year that homosexuality was a dysfunction along the lines of kleptomania and alcoholism. This was not said in a scripted speech to his constituents, or in poor jest, this is how he feels. Once again, a politician has slapped the face of open-mindedness and intelligence, and still his political future appears safe. But the buck can't stop at the media. The reason people like Lott and Thurman stay in office is because people like myself don't vote or don't become informed before entering the booth. Meanwhile, we are on the cusp of a new century, as we continue forward in the age of technology. Scientific advancement looks safe, but what about social? According to the diagnosis of oblivion by several religions, people will probably die on the 31st when the ball drops. Whether as an

innocent bystander in some riot, or at the hands of a religious zealot, that date will be emblazoned on too many tombstones for no good reason. It just seems that the extremists are becoming more dangerously idiotic, even if the rest of this country is becoming more homogenized. My friends and I stood around talking about what precautions we were going to take for the New Year. Pacifists talked about buying guns for protection. Extroverts laid plans for building bomb shelters for the apocalypse. I explained my blueprints for sitting in a remote cornfield somewhere in the midwest, watching snow fall and crops sway. Paranoia is a constant contributor to my anxiety, but I don't see the city streets being safe that night.

For the year two thousand, I turned my pillow over again and it could no longer sustain any icy comfort. My heart slowed down long enough for me to catch my brain. I feel so apathetic and uninformed these days. My apathetic view, using the Clinton "conspiracy" as an example, is that it would take Bill walking into my house and punching me in the face before I would truly care. Capital Hill is worlds away from this safe town in the foothills. Yet it is this mentality that keeps me awake tonight. With counter-culture around, it seems anti-government sentiment is so redundantly obvious. Any punk knows where the line in the sand between good and evil is drawn, so enlightenment isn't the hard part, motivation is. And here I am, on day four of waking, listening to my friend tell me on the phone that historians just revealed the year 2000 actually happened in 1996, due to a historical book keeping error. That comforting news still didn't stop me from tossing and turning. The world isn't ending on December 31st, and buying a new calendar is easier than progress in a complacent society. — Kap

xx
 * Map appears courtesy of Comfort Creature,
 * a personal fanzine out of Boulder. Issues
 * #2+3 are available for \$2/ppd or trade. #4 will
 * be out on 2/21. Write to Kap @ PO Box 4251,
 * Boulder, CO 80302. Thankx!!!

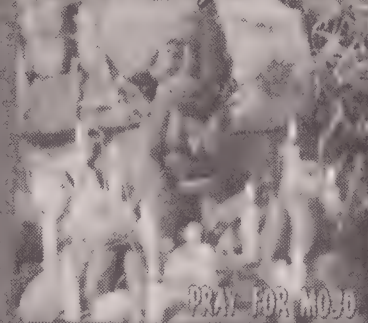
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Howdy kids, Michael here and if y'all want to sit down for a minute I got a few things to say. I am now making an official attempt to start writing a column more regularly. With each issue I have always told myself, "I'm going to write something for this one!", but I rarely do. So next time you see me around, bother me and hold me to my word.

This morning, as I was walking home from class, I said hi to a girl walking the other direction. Just a simple two letter word to try to brighten her day a little bit. She maintained the expressionless look on her face and walked on without so much as a sign that she had heard me. She didn't even grant me a second of eye contact or a tiny nod, nothing. You might think this is no big deal, but it really pissed me off. I'm not a scary looking person (those of you who know me, do I look frightening or threatening?), I didn't jump out of the bushes and say, "hey baby, let's get nasty!" I was walking along in the sunlight with my backpack on and gave her the nice, friendly greeting of two strangers whose paths were crossing. Imagine two travelers of the middle ages chancing upon each other in the deserted Scottish highlands and not saying anything to each other. It makes no sense. It is a common courtesy that goes back to the beginning of mankind. She was even ugly for that matter. It's not like I was seeking to gain anything from the encounter. I wasn't hitting on her, I was just trying to brighten both of our days a little bit. I figured she probably doesn't get talked to as much as a beautiful girl does, so I made an extra effort to make her feel special. And what's worse is I think this same girl did the same thing to me a couple months ago. A repeat offender.

I say hi to strangers all the time when I'm walking around. It helps everyone to relax and feel less uncomfortable. Especially at night, or when there is no one else around, I think it feels awkward to not greet someone you pass. This is also a good way to make yourself feel more secure in a scary situation. If I see some big scary guy when I'm walking around at night, I make a special point of giving him a happy hello. Who do you think is more likely to get raped or mugged, the confident sounding person who just smiled and wished him a pleasant evening, or the insecure nervous looking person who is trying desperately to look the other direction? It is a show of confidence and a display that you aren't afraid of them (even if you actually are). If nothing else, it ensures that you get a clear look directly at the guy's face for the police report.

With that bitch as an exception, overall most people are pretty courteous around here. I wonder if this is more of a western thing or something. I really do



wonder, so if any of you are from the east coast maybe you could tell me, do people wave and greet strangers and stuff like that? I've heard that in big cities people don't say hi to strangers as often. As I was growing up in small town Conifer up in the mountains, I was taught to wave at neighbors, and to go introduce myself to the new family in the neighborhood, and such. Now, whenever I'm back up at home in Evergreen (I go to CU), I always wave at neighbors. My dad is the same way. If I drive past people in their cars or walking their dogs, I will almost always wave at them. It doesn't matter if I recognize them or not, if they are in my neighborhood I'll treat them like neighbors. Just the fact that we happened to be on the same road at the same time is reason enough. I think the greeting ratio in any given area probably has a lot to do with population of the place you are in. Busy New Yorkers might not have time to say hello to people, while a lonely farmer is glad to talk to anyone back in town. People in the city might think that there are too many people around to bother to say hi to any of them, but they should at least try to smile at some of the people they see. It helps make the world feel more personal and less intimidating. And when you aren't intimidated, you are able to relax and enjoy life instead of feeling like you are invisible to the world.

I guess that is about all I can milk out of this topic for now, so I'll wrap it up. Basically, if you want to be happy, you just have to decide to be happy. This may not always work, but I've found that it usually works for me. I make up my mind to smile at people and spread my happiness to them. When I get that smile back from them, it of course makes me even happier, and I can spread that to more people. This cycle feeds off itself and makes everyone feel better. Happiness creates happiness creates happiness, and so on.

So fuck you bitch, and I'm going to keep saying hi to you until I get a response!

Mike is another crazy college student not ready to become part of the working class just yet and so he has no permanent, fixed-in-stone address. Write his ass care of RITH and he'll be sure to respond.

In yet another new feature to RITH, Creative Writer Dan Butcher brings us an installment of fictional wizardry each and every issue...

Discombobulated

By Dan Butcher

"I've found out the truth and now they won't leave me alone. I have too much integrity not to tell anyone and just let them get away with it. I can't think of the danger to me personally when I'm working for the greater good. We are all in this together, and I believe my actions will make at least some difference to humanity as a whole. I'd like to think of myself as the boy with his finger in the dike. Even though I know that the power of the water is too great to hold off, and when the dike breaks I'll be the first to be drowned, it's better then letting the flood destroy the village uncontested."

At 17:26 the subject entered his apartment. He was alone. An olive-green duffel pack was strapped to his back, and he carried a crowbar in his left hand. Purpose of crowbar unknown. Next report at nineteen-hundred hours.

Holding the crowbar under his armpit, Eric looked over his shoulder, quickly thrust his key into the lock, and entered his apartment. He tossed his duffel in the corner, grabbed the crowbar with both hands, and, moving only his eyes, examined the apartment. He grabbed the picture of he and his dad in their fishing hats, and tossed it to the ground. The glass shattered. He pried open the frame and rummaged through the dismantled metal pieces and the glass shards.

I don't think you realize the state of things. For instance, they recorded my whole trip up here.

No, it's not because of me that this place has cameras in the lobby and in all of the hallways. All hotels and apartment complexes have them. No, I'm not an Orwell freak or one of those loonies from the ACLU. I used to work as a security guard for a place on the lower east-side of Manhattan Island. I know it was below me, but for personal safety reasons I had to discontinue my writing, and I was able to learn a lot, even from the bottom level, about how things work. Eric threw another picture to the floor.

The eyes are in any bank, airport, grocery store, ATM machine, bus station, office building, even the dressing rooms of any department store you go to. There are no blind mirrors anymore, it's all one-way glass. And the eyes don't forget. He tromped over the pile of shattered frames and crumpled snapshots from his past. He went into his bedroom and, one by one, tipped his dresser drawers over onto the floor. He continued his search.

I feel guilty about it, considering what I know now, but back then I sometimes enjoyed that hotel job. I worked the graveyard shift, sitting in that little room with all those blue screens all night long. The elevator cam always had the most action. Eric tossed the mattress off of his bed.

People always feel so isolated in those things. I'm telling you, they see it all. No joke, at least once a week I would see some couple get into the elevator and the guy would make his move as soon as those doors closed, and just start banging away once it started moving. When the elevator stopped, the guy would

sometimes stop long enough to hit the hold button, or, more often, just blindly push buttons to keep the thing moving. Sometimes they finish by the time they get to their floor. He ripped off the lampshade, and set the lamp on the floor next to the crushed mechanical insides of his phone. He grabbed his crowbar, lifted it above his head, slammed it down onto the lamp, and began to sift through the pieces.

You'd think that it was the government. Now, though, most of the cameras are owned by private enterprise. A secret conglomerate of the five or six biggest American corporations funds a database of recorded material (called Virtual Interactive Policing, or VIP) and pays the government to contribute its police surveillance footage. Eric abandoned his bedroom, and climbed up onto his kitchen counter. He flung open his cupboard doors and tossed pots and pans clattering to the tiled floor.

The conglomerate has installed globe cameras, which look exactly like streetlights, all over the major U.S. cities. They now use lenses that can record at great distances even in the dark, and Infrared Radar can record activity behind walls in total darkness.

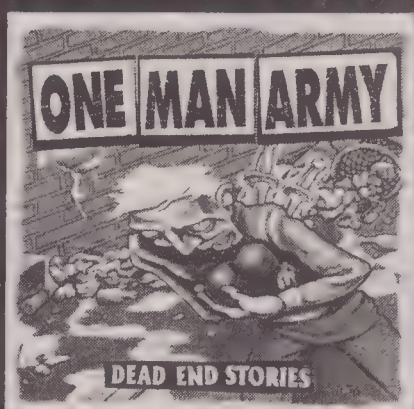
After he had passed his hands over every crevice of his empty cupboards, Eric jumped off of the counter, stomped through the kitchen kicking pots and dishes aside, and entered the TV room. He shoved a shelf over and the TV slammed into the floor, shattering. He flipped it over and began ripping out its insides with the crowbar.

They compile and store the footage in the database. With Computerized Face Recognition, they can scan crowded streets taking into account skin color, lighting conditions, whether or not you wear glasses, makeup, earrings, facial hair, age, the size of your head, even your posture, and if you're a suspect or an undesirable, or if you've ever run a red light, they can identify you, or your vehicle, within seconds. Eric yanked the crowbar back and a piece of the shelf splintered off. He combed through the debris.

Where's the fucking bug? He bolted up and thrust his crowbar through the wall, then smashed his foot through it. He was ripping off a section of wallboard when the agents kicked his door down.

To be continued in RITH #12...

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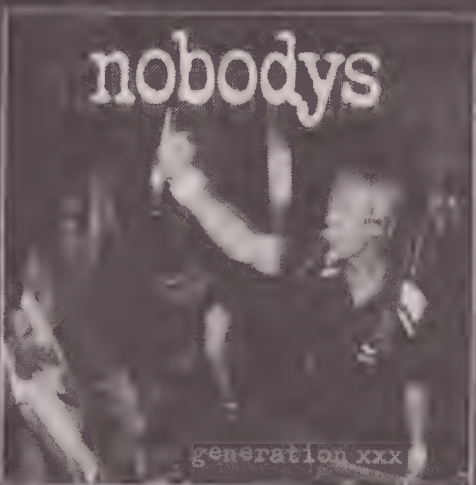
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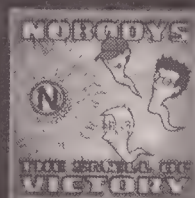
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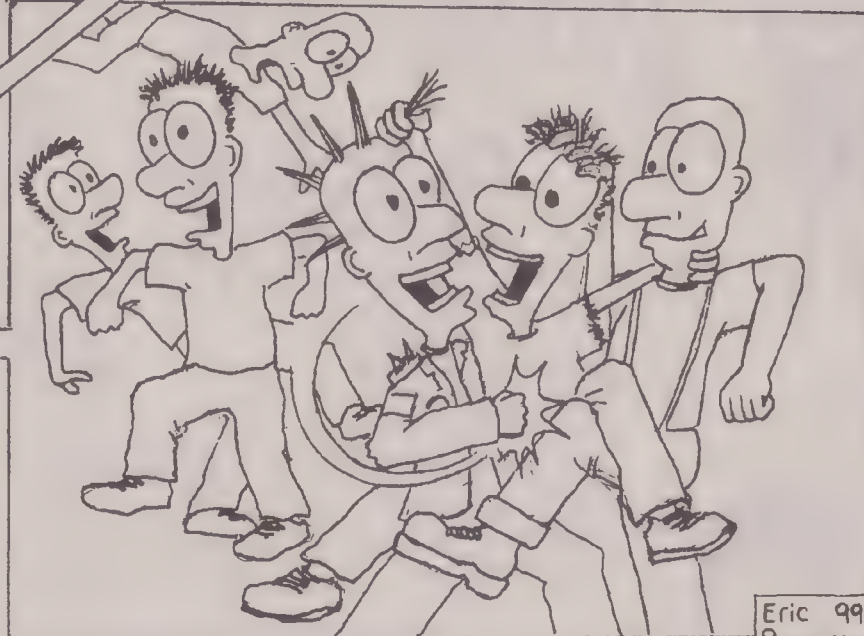
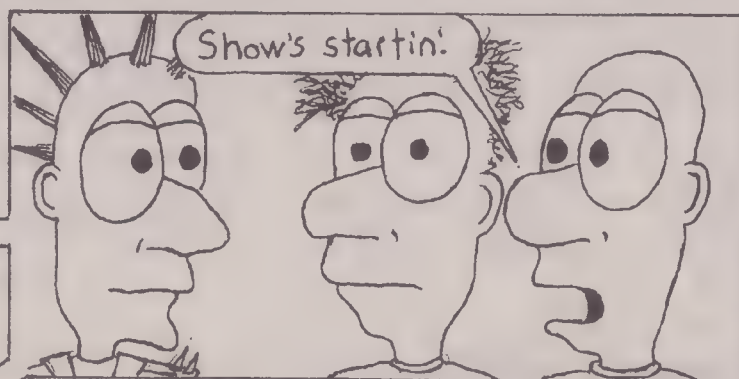
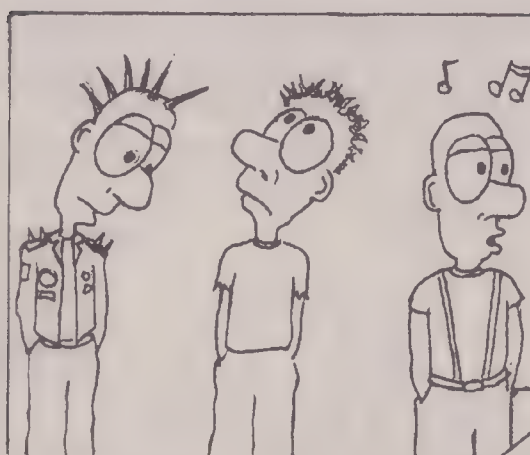
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"The Way it Was"

D PACO V E

I've heard a lot of people talking lately about "the way it was" or "back in the day." I'm sure people have always talked like that, but for some reason I happened to be paying attention this time around. It's sad to see people so attached to the past. There have been many great events and periods in the history of punk rock. I have a ton of memories, myself, and I haven't even been around that long. That's all they are though... memories, past. I feel that so many people are taking for granted the punk scene today - especially in Colorado. We have one of the strongest scenes around right now. There are so many bands, zines, labels, and just cool kids here. We have the potential to be even better. Our scene is divided, segregated into cliques and classifications - everyone dwelling on his or her own little group and how much cooler things used to be. We don't need to have separate shows, crust chows, emo shows, pop shows, etc. We can have punk shows with no rules. We can have as much fun as we want. We can dance, yell, stage dive... We don't need to be governed by "how it used to be." This is our day. We can build our own scene and have our time. Colorado can be a strong, unified scene.

You don't have to do what you don't like, but it helps to be supportive of everyone putting his or her self on the line and giving new things a chance once in a while. Don't be afraid to have a good time - that's what punk rock is all about. Dance hard, nod your head a little, jump around like a monkey, whatever... You one live once, and living with regret is a horrible thing - so go all out. Don't hold back, don't get down on memories. Keep them real. Keep punk rock real. There are no rules. Plan what you want. Make today your day every day so you don't have to grow up and sulk about "the way it was."

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PLEDGE TO THE FLAG

I have a friend who, when referring to Amerikans (united statesians, if you wanna be p.c. about it), invariably uses a third-person exclusive pronoun (e.g., 'they', 'them', etc.) to indicate this group of people from whom he wishes to distinguish and separate himself, for reasons obvious to anyone with half a conscience. At first, I thought this was cool. I even considered emulating his idiosyncratic verbal marker of disdain for amerikkkan culture, racism, materialism (and on and on-y'know, all the bad stuff that all good little punters-I mean, punkers-are supposed to be against), after all, watching the international news at night and hearing about how the good ol' usfuckina had ruined yet another third-world economy, or bombed yet another hospital, or installed another puppet regime, or hell, a little closer to home, how a gaggle of sadistic pigs, backed by a racist, elitist, and fascist Supreme Court, had hog-tied a group of protesters and, while they lay helpless and immobile on the ground, held open the protesters' eyelids and sprayed pepper spray directly in their eyes, is more than enough to make me want to reinvent my ancestry and start speaking with a fake accent, just so people won't think that I'm a party to all this shit. I was this close (close your eyes and visualize my forefinger about a millimeter away from the end of my thumb--now that's close) to integrating exclusrory speech into my own lexicon.

And then one morning I awoke with a terrible pinching pain in my shoulder. I'm used to this sort of pain.' after all, it's to be expected when you mop a mile of hallway five days a week. But this was worse than usual- my shoulder and neck were actually involuntarily and uncontrollably twitching spasmodically. Sasha, usually so consumed by her own interests that she's oblivious to my presence, stared at me with her beady little eyes as my head and shoulder repeatedly tried to bash each other to bits. Her expression told me she'd offer to help if she weren't a three-by-sixteen-inch weasel. Content that she'd done her part, she promptly returned her attention to digging the insole out of my boot and carting it away to some corner so remote that I knew I'd have to spend at least a half-an-hour crawling around on my belly looking for it.

As the spasms subsided, I congratulated myself. Throughout the entire ordeal, I'd only been convinced that I was dying once, and only for ten or fifteen seconds. Not bad, for me anyway. I got dressed, put on my boots, and . . . remembered that Sasha had, once again, stolen the insoles. So, I took off my boots, and started crawling around on the floor, looking under the futon bed, behind the stereo, underneath the shelves of vinyl, in-between the stereo and T.V., behind and underneath the bookshelves. I noticed how much crap I really have comparatively, I have nothing, but for someone who claims to be living in opposition to the amerikkkan paradigm, I sure have a lot of the trappings. Books, records, a TV, computer, car (old and sad and abused as it may be), a microwave, stereo-mixer-lamps-furniture-magazines-file-cabinets-clothes-shit-shit-shit-SHIT! Everywhere! An apartment filled with markers of willing participation in a system I supposedly oppose! On my next visit to my friend, I saw the same, except more of it! Perhaps because his apartment's bigger than mine. Or maybe he's



more materialistic. Or a worse pack rat. Or, a better... American. With a capital 'A' and no 'k's in the middle. Just like me. I had to sit down for a bit. And think. And drink.

As if you couldn't tell by now, I, at least in part, define myself negatively- that is, I define myself in part by demarking what I am not. For example, part of the definition of 'antifascist punk' is 'not a fascist'- there could be no antifascist without a fascist to define what the antifascist is in opposition to. Get it? O.k., well, part of my definition of myself is defined by my opposition to the amerikkkan culture of tyranny, competition, greed, and violence. I define myself as anti-fascist/racist/capitalist/nationalist/sexist/war and so on. And as most of you know, when the image you hold of yourself and the reality of yourself collide as they did for me while searching for my insole, the result can be, well, to extend the metaphor, shattering. I was, bluntly and harshly, directly confronted with a reality I've been salving with half-truths and rationalized justifications: like it or not, I'm an American, from the tip of my faded-green spikes, all the way down past all the anti-cop/capitalist/racist/etc. propaganda paraphernalia to the tips of my steel-toed boots. And just because I try to limit my participation in this culture by standing apart from it (i.e., rebelling against it in an established pattern of rebellion, e.g., as a punk)



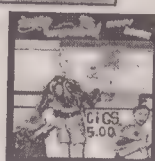
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OF JUSTIN VAMPED!

and even doing what I can to sacrifice the privilege that being white and male bestows upon me doesn't mean I'm any less guilty of the bombings carried out to keep the oil flowing so I can drive my car over to my friend's apartment and eat pre-packaged snack foods which destroy my body and degrade the environment, and waste energy logging on to the internet and placate this sense of selling out and being sold out by checking out animal rights and anarchist sites while thinking that if I just made a couple dollars more an hour at work, then I wouldn't have to worry so much about rent checks

bouncing, cars breaking down, and getting sick again, when in reality, the first two are probably the best things that could happen to me. With no apartment, I'd be forced to sever the umbilical that keeps me chained to my job and my capitalist lifestyle. Sans auto, I'd have a little less Arab blood on my hands and probably lose the pooch in my belly I've been workin' on ever since I gave up riding my bike. As far as the third goes, I never wanna get sick again, although I'm sure the hospital would appreciate it.

I'm not saving that all punks should categorically cut all ties to amerikkkan society and squat in the nearest abandoned building, although I have a great deal of respect for those who do. I am, however, asking you this, Punk: How much of an alternative is your lifestyle? Are you an alternative, or a media creation of rebellion? Do you defy? or are you defied? Are you using the system, taking what you need from it in order to subvert and destroy it? Or is your own comfort your reason for willing participation? 'How much do you want? How much do you need? How wide is the gap between possession and greed? How much is enough? And do you need a bit more? How wide is the gap between now and before?' Do you understand that you are contributing to the war machine whenever you drive that punkasfuck clunker of yours? Do you understand that you are exploiting someone in a third world labor

JUSTIN VAMPED
PO BOX 1623
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camp when you purchase ultrapunk gear from Fashion Nation? Do you understand that this also fuels the warplanes that bomb civilians when their leaders defy or anger our leaders? Do you understand that every thing you have is some thing that someone more needy doesn't have?

The questions I'm asking myself these days and now project onto you are these: Knowing these things, what are you going to do about it? Are you going to create? or consume? And, where do you draw the line?

@ Lyrics (probably) imperfectly quoted at the tail of the column are from 'Possession', by Citizen Fish. If you didn't know that, you've got some records to copy (or buy, if you're an evil capitalist whore, like me).

@ By the time the next issue is out, I will have moved to greener, and hopefully, slightly less smelly pastures. I've no idea what I'll be doing, but I plan to continue contributing to RITH, in spite of the fact that I'll no longer be a Colorado resident, if, of course, Stefan still thinks I'm cool enough. Either way, I'll have him publish the location of my new digs when I get them.

@ You want me to beg? Is that it? Vamped! desperately needs contributors, regular or irr... If you've got something to say, punk, put it on paper and mail it over here! I'm on my knees, I am your supplicant... SOFUCKINDOIT!

@ To be more specific, the sexual assault/ domestic violence issue of Vamped! is in the works. Men, women, boys, girls, assailants and victims all have the onus upon them to contribute.

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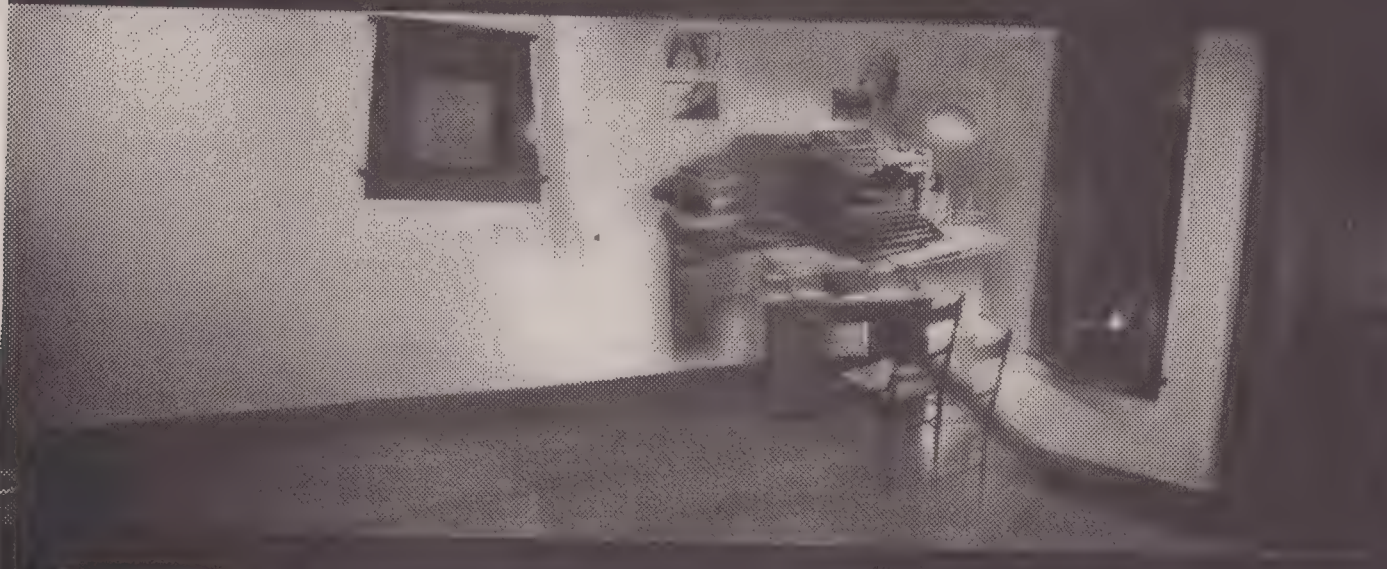
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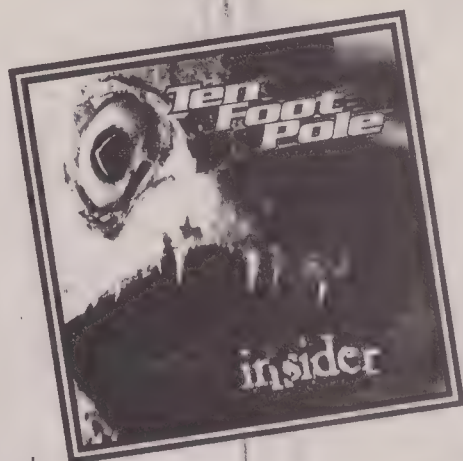
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A while back I asked Eric, bass player for the band formerly known as Denver's greatest Oi band, formerly called BLACKLIST, to do a nice WORKING CLASS column. After reading Blacklist lyrics and meeting him in person (100% blue collar I tell ya) I immediately knew that he would get the job done. And he is. After this issue he'll be doing a regular column that will go by the name "Career Opportunities" which should serve as a great resource for all of the working kids out there. I'll let his introduction to you the readers speak for itself.

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with your hero of the working class **eric blacklist**

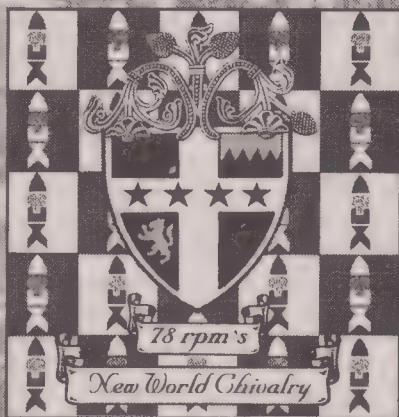
So, I'm way behind in doing this column. Stefan has been damn patient. "A column on working class" he says. In BlackList, I wrote several songs championing the plight of myself and other working class people, yet, actually writing something in a column has me dumbfounded I never really chose to be "Working Class". Being a skinhead combined with certain events in my life led me to this fate, not that it's bad, we keep the world functioning at the expense our exploitation, and sometimes our own lives. The labor force here is strained, over worked and under paid. The labor force in some other countries is tortured, oppressed, locked into their places of employment, intimidated etc. And not by their companies, but by U.S. corporations looking to exploit foreign labor in order to turn a bigger profit. Blue Collar workers may feel neglected and looked down upon, I know I do, but the service industry worldwide is suffering equally, yet going virtually unnoticed. To have 12 year olds working 40-60 hour weeks in this country is incomprehensible yet corporations in our own country and abroad encourage and exploit just this sort of situation at the expense of the labor force and the consumer.

The USA's problems are, in turn, the cause of so many problems in countries through out the world. Now, I never went to college, and I barely did high school yet it seems that if this country fixed its own ethical and moral problems a lot of other countries wouldn't be financially crushed under the weight of our own, but what do I know? I'm just a janitor and not usually this "Political." Hopefully, I'll be doing this on a more regular basis, working class is a broad term so what I write should be somewhat diverse enough for now though. If you want to support a working class struggle in your own back yard check out the striking steel workers in Pueblo, they are in need of everyone's support.

Next issue, I'll go deeper into the bowels of the working class, seeking whatever ray of hope available, until then....

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LEATHERFACE

an Article and Discography by Stefan

Intro - 1999

Two years ago, I bought my first Leatherface album. I was getting cash for used CDs at Disc-Go-Round because I always seem to get the most money from them. My favorite local record label at the time was Black Plastic Records, and in their catalogue, they compare the vocalist of their second release, by a band named RAN, to the raspy ones of the English band, Leatherface. So when I saw that name, I just couldn't pass it up without a listen. I can't really remember about what I thought about them that very first encounter, but I liked it enough to pay the \$7.99 for it. The man behind the counter was a big (I mean he was pretty fat) guy that always bossed the other DGR employees around and wore ska hats. That album was Leatherface's "Mush," the doorway into my courtship with Frankie Stubbs and the English boys who played with him throughout Leatherface

Mush

In 1993, when the boys were recording "Mush" in Sunderland, England, the roughest punk I was into was Bad Religion's "Suffer" and the Gorilla Biscuits' EP. I just memorized "Suffer" from cover to cover, and it would be the first album (perhaps even the only album) that I would ever memorize every single word of. Gorilla Biscuits were somewhere along the same lines. Me and The Jew (Jesse) would sing along with Civ as he shouted "No reason - why to keep the little kids from getting in" knowing he was talking about our little junior high asses.

"Mush" is the best LF album in the opinion of 90% of Leatherface fans. Steve Charlton and Andrew Laing played bass and drums, with Richie Hammond on the guitar and Frankie Norman Warsaw Stubbs sang and played the leads. In this album, it becomes apparent that Stubbs is the artistic driving force behind the band. The lyrics and most of the music is attributed to him from here on out (and even earlier). In late July, 1998 (what seems like a year ago, but it's only 6 months past), I lay sleepless in my grandma's guest bedroom, in Pfungen, Switzerland. Two months had past since I had spoken English and I longed for American company. Hilary was due in the next morning for my "vacation" (Read: relaxing) part of the summer, and her chance to see my other country and Europe in general. Sleep avoided me no matter how much I sought it out. I brought four CDs with me, and put them in the discman, bringing punk rock and music back into my life for the first time in over nine weeks. I spent the night wrapped in covers and headphones listening to "Mush," each time through it discovering yet another harmony or part that I hadn't known before, from the use of dynamic (loudness) changes in the rhythm section to the backing vocals (sometimes off-key if you listen hard enough, to Frankie N.W. Stubbs strumming away to guitar lines like no one else's. That night really defined "Mush" for me, an album I'm not soon to forget.

LF Abroad

"Mush" is the only LF album that received distribution in the US. Seed records bought the rights to release it in the US and put it out on CD (as far as I can tell, Seed never contemplated releasing a vinyl version). While I say that "Mush" was the first and only album to break into the US, one must not assume that the band's works were strictly confined to the UK. The German label, Bitzcore, released a few Leatherface songs on some of their compilations, including "For A Fistful of Yen," and distributed LF on the continent while Rugger Bugger and Roughneck (the labels of choice by) handled the UK. Most of

Leatherface's albums were also released in Japan (Teichiku, Shakin' and King Records) and LF toured there at least once. Jesse, Frankie Stubbs' next band, even did a limited edition tour single when they toured Japan in the mid 90's. LF hit continental Europe multiple times and even recorded half of a live set in Holland for the "Your Choice Live Series." The YCL Series was a series of 7" and CDs of bands like The Melvins, Samiam, Poison Idea, Verbal Assault playing live in Holland. LF recorded theirs on June 18, 1993 and ended up on a split CD with Jawbox. Their biggest stab at press coverage in the US was a Maximum RocknRoll interview which is quite good. "MRR: Would you label yourselves as a punk outfit? Frankie Stubbs: Punk attitude mate, but modern, I'd say modernistic pop!"

Snuff

The majority of LF shows done in Europe were in support of Snuff. From the beginning it always seemed like Leatherface followed in the Snuff shadow. It was Snuff that got a head start on Leatherface, and it would be Snuff that got signed to Fat and toured the US. Several times. But the two bands were always good friends, sharing members in a couple of times of need and whatnot. In the early nineties would open a show, Wat Tyler and his British drinking band would play second before Snuff would take the stage and close it. Sometimes, there would be another opening band and Snuff and Wat Tyler would trade off headlining, but LF would always warm up the crowd for the two and warm up they did. In Snuff's bootleg, "Live at Kilburn National" (11/17/90) part of the lone paragraph on the LP is dedicated to detailing how LF won the crowd over. "There is a frenzy on the dancefloor and vocalist Frankie Stubbs even cracks a rare smile. "Cheers, fuckers!" he barks, and they hurtle into Presley's 'In the Ghetto' - no doubt waking the deceased king and really pissing him off. Leatherface hurt in all the right places and I don't want any painkillers."

In the spring of 1998, when Snuff toured the US with the American band, All Day, there was talk that LF would tour too. This came at a time when LF's first LP "Cherry Knowle" was re-released on the Irish label Rejected Records and a "Discography Part II" (with all the songs from the first five 7" (and then some)) were released also on Rejected. But by the time the tour bill and dates were confirmed, there was no sign of the name Leatherface anywhere.

Minx

In late 1997, I was in England to play in the huge New Year's Day Parade in London. The others went Dr. Marten shopping and Princess Di sight seeing while I took the Underground in search of records by my favorite UK bands. By the end of my stay, I had scored. It was at a good-sized town, north of London, and in the used vinyl stashes, I found "Minx." The first several hundred Minx LPs came with an additional LF single. Mine was one of those, but had been separated from its 7" companion before finding its way into my hands. Minx is my second favorite LF full length. It came out in early 1993 with the same line-up as Mush but with Andy Crighton on bass. With Andy on bass, the line-up seemed complete, or at least MORE complete than the dozen bass players the band went through since they had begun. Minx, in my opinion is a little bit more depressing than Mush. Lyrics like "Jesus Christ was frowning when I was born" paint a dismal picture of Stubbs' mood at the time. A completely different image than one would gather from the pictures on the LP cover of happy little children donning Leatherface hats. This album also highlights the huge differences between Snuff and Leatherface. While Snuff would jump

into some poppier, organ-laced melodies, LF would bring the music across rougher and make you long for a melody, bringing the chorus in just soon enough to appease your appetite. If Mush were an introduction to LF and a great album to buy first, Minx would be the follow up.

The Last

Named so as it was the "last" (read on later) full length LF put out. One might think it weird that a band agree to put out a last album, but when interests, priorities, and relationships change, you have to pull together what you've got, release it, and say goodbye before you begin to suck. In the MRR interview: "MRR: Is there anything you're trying to accomplish with the band? *F Stubbs*: To get on with each other! (this brings the loudest laugh from all of them) *R Hammond*: That WILL be an accomplishment!" The interview goes on with (what I thought) was a rather surprising but honest comment: "MRR: Would there be a time when you would actually stop? *R Hammond*: When we get sick of it. *F Stubbs*: I dunno. If we stopped Leatherface, we'd all still do something else."

Stubbs did later go on to play in a band called Jessie (who would change their name to Jesse shortly thereafter) with Peter Shield on drums and Leighton Evans on bass guitar. He also did an acoustic "Frankie Stubbs Unplugged" single. This is the trend that we see in "The Last," with rich acoustic intros and piano-tinged medleys saturated through-out, perhaps a hint to the band's termination. One could surmise that the band members had different ideas on where they wanted to go with LF, leading to a mutual parting. But you cannot just dismiss the three acoustic songs as being stupid little artsy works. I personally venture as far as to say that The Last is fairly permeated with China Drum-esque (another great UK band) lines. Not to say that I believe LF or China Drum dramatically influenced one another. It's just that, particularly with this album, the comparison can be drawn.

The End of Silence

Unless things turn very sour, LF will one-up The Last. On January 27, 1999, a friend of a friend (Christine Barr) saw LF, Wat Tyler, and Snuff, the old trio back in action. The three played a benefit for Andy Crighton, the bass player for Snuff and LF at various times who unfortunately died towards the end of 1998. It was a sold-out show, but Christine made it in on the guestlist, and took some great pictures for RITH. This proved finally to me that Leatherface was in fact back together. Stubbs had pulled together the original line-up along with Leighton Evans, the bassist for Jesse, and Leatherface are writing new songs and playing shows! And if I can do anything to churn the rumor mill then here we go: BYO Records has signed Leatherface to do a US album and possibly even do US re-releases of old LF albums. You heard it here first. Everyone in the US who hasn't had the opportunity to check out this great band will now have one.

Also, the German label Bitzcore released a huge compilation featuring European bands from several countries that serves as a tribute to the Foot Club (soccer) St. Pauli. Leatherface recorded a jazzed up version of "Hops and Barley," dubbed "Hops and St. Pauli" that gives me a nice laugh. I have a couple extra copies of the white vinyl double LP and will trade them some day when the offer is right. The comp is called "Der FC St Pauli is schuld" and is available on CD from Rotz Records.

Last week, our friend at Nobody in Particular Presents, Colorado's best booking company, Peter, was asked to bid on an incredible show. Discount, Hot Water Music, and Leatherface, all on the same bill. We're talking US tour towards the end of May. I am personally filling up a car-load of people and we'll go along for a handful of stops, give me an email if interested.

So, I guess it turns out that I might see the boys from Sunderland afterall. Hopefully everything will finally come full circle

and I can move on to following some other band, then again, maybe not.

Frankie Stubbs live! By Christine Barr



Credits

Let me say that I never thought I'd be doing this story for the magazine. I always wanted someone else to do it, some old English fart who was old enough to go to the pub and see the very first Leatherface show. But then Rob from Rotz Records told me that if we entrusted everything to the old people in this world, nothing would ever get done. I sat back, thought about it, acknowledged his wisdom and took off writing this, trying to break the new Leatherface news before it became common talk. So most of all I'd like to thank Rob for pushing me to do this, introducing me to Christine and resetrving three of the double white vinyl LP's that just came out on Bitzcore. I'd also like to thank Morgan from Boston who does a nice Leatherface web site that can be found at: <http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Venue/8518/>. I combined his discography pics and mine to make the best discography I've ever seen, then again, everything will get updated after I see the band.... Thanks to Christine Barr for making the trek from Chicago to London and taking pictures, and the London kid Leo Dee who put her up and got her in the show. Also thanks to my new English friend Paul Phillpott who was nice enough to tape the Andy Crighton Memorial show for me!

Q & A M

Unofficial Leatherface Discography

This is everything that the last year of research has yielded for me. I don't personally know of any one person who possesses all of these.



All of the pricing is for original vinyl versions

Cherry Knowle LP- Recorded July 12-14 1989- Meantime Records

Drums: Andrew "Karzi" Laing
Bass: Dickie "Dogman" C.
Guitar: Richie "Carbuncle" Hammond
Guitar/Vocals: Frankie Norman W. Stubbs
- Rereleased on Bitzcore (#1691) in 1994
- Rereleased (1996?) on Rejected (Ireland)
Sold for \$21

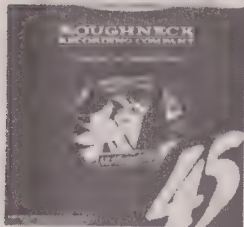
Beerpig 7"- 1990- Meantime

The first single ever
- Never released
- Songs are on Discography #2
Sold for \$30



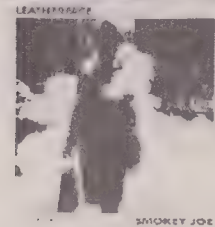
Fill Your Boots LP/ CD- March 17-20 1990- Roughneck

Also released on CD on Teichiku Records in 1991 with the Smokey Joe 7".
Drums: A. Lainey
Bass: Rob Turnbull
Guitar: Richard Eric Hammond



Razor Blades and Aspirin Roughneck EP- 90-

One song from 'Fill Your Boots' / 2 bonus tracks
Drums: A. Lainey
Bass: Rob Turnbull
Guitar: Richard Eric Hammond



Guitar/Vocals: Frankie N.W. Stubbs
Sold for \$30

Smokey Joe 12\"/>

- Teichiku Records TECP-25971 (1991)
Bass: Rob Berwick
Drums: Andy Laing
Guitar/Vocals: Frankie Stubbs
Dickie Hammond on guitar.



Leatherface / Wat Tyler Split EP- 1990 or 1991- Clawfist 2 xEP

- Ltd to 1400
Leatherface does "Hops and Barley" and "A Public House" (both are Wat Tyler songs)

Sold for \$30

I Want the Moon 7"- 1991- Roughneck

One song from Mush, two bonus tracks
Bass: Steven "the Eagle" Charlton
Drums/Backup vocals: Andrew Laing
Guitar/Backup vocals: Richie Hammond
Guitar/Vocals: Frankie N.W. Stubbs
Sold for \$33



Dates are when the music was recorded

Mush LP/ CD- Recorded May 1991- Roughneck Recordings

Bass: Steven "the Eagle" Charlton
Drums/Backup vocals: Andrew Laing
Guitar/Backup vocals: Richie Hammond
Guitar/Vocals: Frankie N.W. Stubbs
- Rereleased on Seed Records in US(#14227-2) in 1993
- Rereleased on Teichiku Records in Japan around then

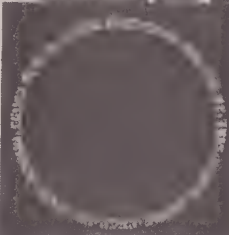
Discography Pt. 1- Live LP/CD- 2/29/92 and late 93- Rejected 015

22 live songs, 2 shows
- Released in 1995 or 1996



Compact and Bijou 10\"/>

Drums: Andrew Laing
Bass: Andrew Crighton
Guitars: Dickie Hammond
Vocals/Guitars/piano: Frankie Stubbs



Blackbox comp (Referred to as Dreaming/Eagle 7\"/>

BBX013 (Germany) Turned into a CD comp
Drums: Andrew Laing
Bass: Andrew Crighton
Guitars: Dickie Hammond
Vocals/Guitars/piano: Frankie Stubbs
7" *sold for \$75*



Not Superstitious 12\"/>



Do The Right Thing 12\"/>



Minx LP/CD- December 1992-

Roughneck NECKCD11

Some included a "Can't Help Falling in Love With You" / "Dreaming" 7" (7" *Sold for \$30*)
- Reissued in Japan on King Records
Drums: Andrew Laing
Bass: Andrew Crighton
Guitars: Dickie Hammond
Vocals/Guitars: Frankie Stubbs

LP sold for \$41

Your Choice Live Series- Split CD with Jawbox (both live)- June 18, 1993- Your Choice Recordings

Drums: Andrew Laing
Bass: Andrew Crighton
Guitars: Dickie Hammond
Vocals/Guitars/piano: Frankie Stubbs



Win Some, Lose Some (called **Mackem Bastards**) 7"- late 93-
Rugger Bugger DUMP018
2 studio/ 2 live
Sold for \$25

Live in Oslo LP/CD - released 1993 -
Rugger Bugger Discs SEEP010 / Gap



Recordings GAP024
Sold for \$25

Little White God 7"- December
1993- **Domino Recors RUG16**
Additional drums: Ian Syborne
Sells for \$15

The Last LP/CD - December 1993-
Domino Records- WIGCD10

This was of course the "last" album
that Leatherface released.
LP Sells for \$20



Rejected Records put out "**Discography Part 2**" in 1997, which has tracks from all the early 7"s.

Leatherface was also on various compilations and samplers, but no song was ever released only on a comp.

And then the following projects:

Pope- "JohnPaulGeorgeRingo"- June 1-6 1994- Rugger Bugger SEEP017

Bass: Andy Crighton

Drums: Chris MacKintosh

Vocals/ Guitar: Frankie Stubbs

Frankie Stubbs- "Unhinged" 7"- 1/1/??- Rugger Bugger DUMP025

Frankie Stubbs unplugged

Jessie- "Rat/ Dog Song" 7"- Rugger Bugger DUMP029

Jessie Lineup:

Drums: "Spud"

Bass: Leighton Evans

Guitar/ vocals: Frankie N. W. Stubbs

Jessie- "Indestructable/ Room" 7"- Rugger Bugger- DUMP034

Jesse- "Handful of Earth/ Jack Christ" 7"- Rugger Bugger DUMP039

Changed name to "Jesse" from "Jessie"

Jesse- Limited Japanese Tour Single 7"- Rugger Bugger/ Rumblestrip Records

Split with Hooton 3 Car

JesseLineup:

Drums: Peter Shield "Spud"

Bass: Leighton Evans

Guitar/ vocals: Frankie N. W. Stubbs

Jesse- "s/t" LP- July 1997- Rugger Bugger- SEEP024

Additional guitar by Dickie Hammond

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SLOPPY SECONDS

Sloppy Seconds are one of the greatest live acts to cross the United States and Europe this decade. With real live giant snakes and stage fires, they please even the toughest audiences. The true spirit of punk rock is conveyed in each and every set. On their most recent tour they teamed up with Marky Ramone and the Intruders, playing long encores covering old Ramones songs with Marky beating the skins. Every one at hand at the Bluebird Theater was truly blown away as they rock away into the wee morning hours, Marky acting like he was 20 again and the Seconds proving they had what it takes to keep up with his pounding beats. Interview with vocalist and showman extraordinaire BA by Stefan.



RITH: What's the most requested song that you guys end up playing?

BA: Well, probably Janie is a Nazi. But there's certain songs that we almost have to play every night, wherever we go.

RITH: Are you playing "A Lonely Christmas" this holiday season?

BA: Yeah, sometimes we do.

RITH: Can you feel the Lonely Christmas coming on tonight?

BA: I don't know. That's tough. We have to do it really early in the set because I have to sing that one -- I can't scream it.

RITH: So, is it hard going on tour with Marky Ramone, kind of a star-struck image that the name alone brings?

BA: Man, it's been great. I can't believe how cool it's been. Back before I was even old enough to even see the Ramones in concert, I was always dreaming of the day that I could play with the Ramones. Well, the Ramones aren't around anymore, but Marky's still kicking it out, the fact that he and the Intruders turned out to be great guys has made it all the better. We consider these guys friends, and the bands really compliment each other too. We draw exactly the same kind of crowd.

RITH: But you couldn't ever see yourself going out on tour, going out with some other band, like if Sloppy Seconds was over, for health reasons or whatever, you wouldn't see yourself going out solo, on tour with a backing band.

BA: I don't think that's gonna happen with us. The thing is, we didn't actually form a band. We were just all friends, who picked up instruments because we wanted to play, and I think if all bands had formed that way, there would be a lot less breakups and lineup changes. But I really don't see that happening. The one guy who really wasn't a part of our inner circle is gone now. We've got a new guitar player, and we consider him just as strong and as good a friend as anyone else in the band.

RITH: When it is too hard to do the music anymore, the family of the Sloppy Seconds will still be in tact.

BA: Oh yeah, I can't foresee that changing. I mean, geez, I've known these guys since I was five years old. We grew up playing with each other's toys. We started watching porno together. It just happened that one night, we got drunk and thought it would be funny to pick instruments. You know, if we had been a

little drunker, maybe we'd be DJ's now or something.

RITH: Do you think that with punk rock being mainly in a music form right now, it would be possible to have punk rock in another form? A film form?

BA: I think there have been punk rock films.

RITH: I mean, not even just films about the music. But punk-rockish films.

BA: I guess if you want to look in terms of a movie, that was punk rock in the do-it-yourself zero budget kind of thing,

Clerks was kind of like that maybe, like Russ Meyer and stuff like that. You know I mean there have been cool movies about punk rock subjects, but I think some of the early things Richard Linkletter did were very punk rock movies. Even though it's not about punk rock, I think that Dazed and Confused was a total punk rock movie.

RITH: If one of the members of Sloppy Seconds had to write a book, who would do it?



BA: It would be me about my gay experiences I'm sure. It probably would be me I guess. The others can't spell, that's the main thing.

RITH: Yeah, actually that was the question. It was just a nicer way of asking who is the smartest band member.

BA: That's why I was the lyricist. Because I was the only one who could spell out the song titles.

RITH: So growing up, you were the one who took all the spelling tests for the Sloppy

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SLOPPY SECONDS



Seconds family?

BA: I helped them tie their shoes, everything.

RITH: Everybody needs a father figure.

BA: Yeah, BA The Father Figure. That's my career. Ha ha ha ha ha.

RITH: Is there a life other than Sloppy Seconds?

BA: Umm, it's not worth talking about. Everybody has something that they do and then they go home and lock the door. To put it in other words, I don't want to hear about Marky Ramone mowing the grass at home. So I don't know why anyone would care about me

doing anything like that either.

RITH: How important is a live show in your opinion, because I know that Sloppy Seconds really is known for their live action?

BA: Well, I think that punk rock itself, not just Sloppy Seconds, is a lot more in the tradition of blues or jazz, where the live show, being in the moment, is really what defines the style of music. The record is kind of like the leftover reminder, you know the thing you can remember the live show by.

RITH: Memorize the lyrics for the next time around.

BA: Yeah, it's true.

RITH: But you don't think that punk will ever become some huge thing with barricades and whatnot?

BA: Well, we have that a little bit tonight, don't we? I really can't see punk rock in an arena, even though some bands

have taken it there. There's still that same kind of intimacy. You certainly feel a lot closer to punk rock bands that are platinum sellers than you do to say, Pearl Jam. You don't feel like the music is a million miles from your life.

RITH: With a series of albums on Taang, and now the new one

on Nitro, is Sloppy Seconds still as approachable?

BA: (points to hand-clicker that he uses to count people at the door) Well, it's kind of hard when I still have to keep track of the number of people that come through the door. I don't really have the option of being unapproachable. I mean we wouldn't be playing the

music if we didn't appreciate the people that come see us. It's always a blast for us to talk to everybody at the shows.

RITH: How much of a year does touring take? Does it slow down as you get older?

BA: Well since the new album has come out, it's becoming a fact of life. The new booking agent that the band has hooked up with has every intention of keeping the band out on the road as much as possible. For most of May and June we're supposed to be back in Europe again. We're supposed to play Holidays in the Summer in the UK this year. Just the fact that right before Christmas time, a time when everyone's normally stressed out about the holidays, we get to play shows with Marky Ramone and the Intruders every night. What kind of a holiday is that? It's great.

RITH: But you don't feel any sign of burnout coming, you're not scared of losing motivation.

BA: I think our newest album (on Nitro) is a million times better than the last one. I think it's a lot more in the tradition of our first record. I feel that we are totally rejuvenated.

RITH: Any closing words to Colorado?

BA: The man's name is Reggae Voodoo and he's into hairy truckers.



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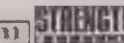
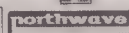
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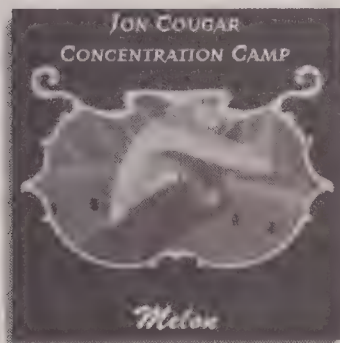
OF THINGS
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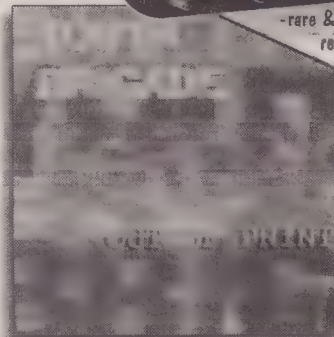
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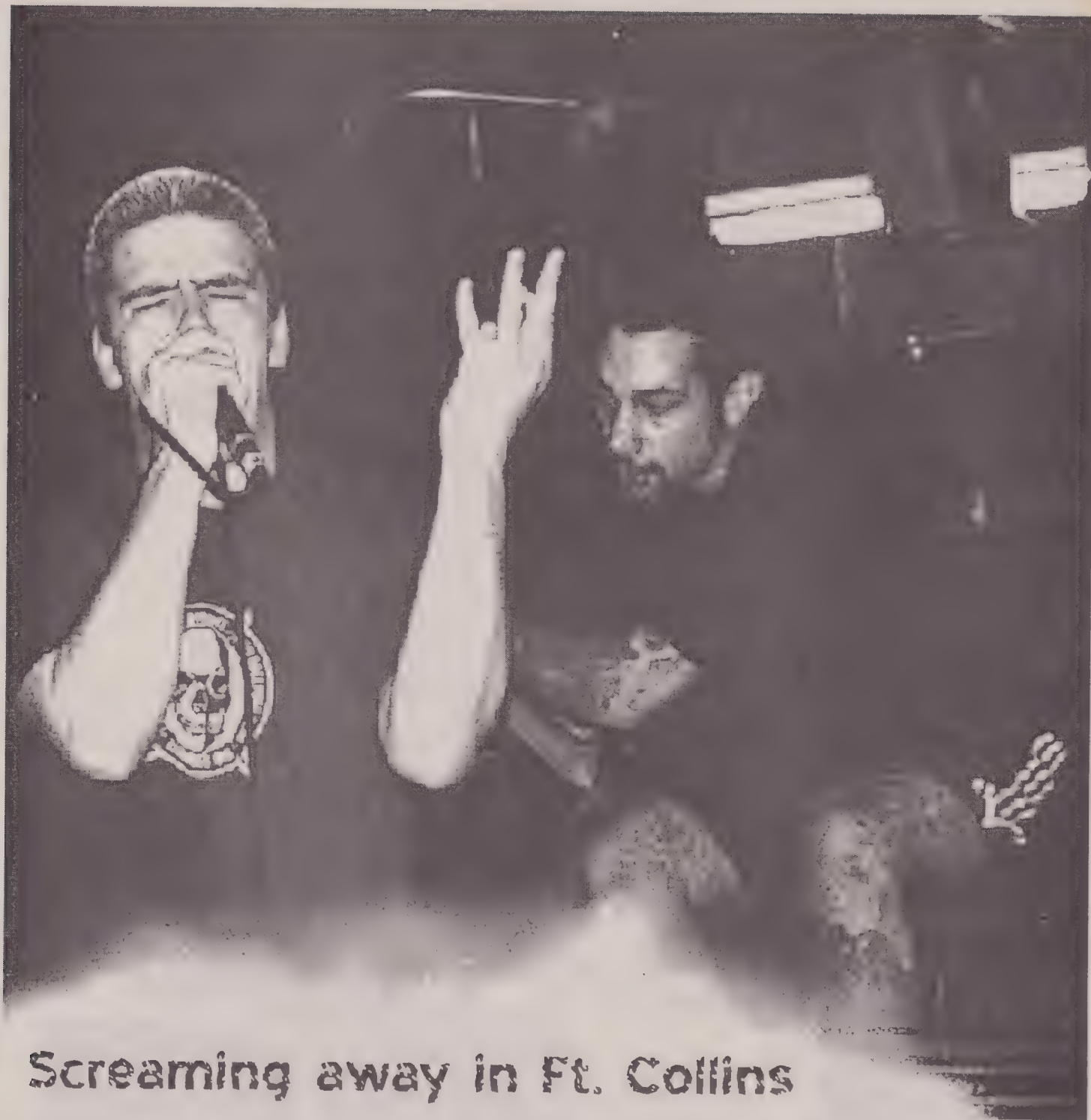
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Screaming away in Ft. Collins

This is my interview with the band 88 Fingers Louie. I think this was the first band's vinyl that I ever bought. I broke out my dad's old record player and dubbed it onto a tape. I was really worried for a good year that I would never see these guys live, or ever to get the chance to interview, but they re-formed. I saw them play with Fury 66 (interviewed in issue #9) and Pinhead Circus on the 2nd of December at the Starlight in Fort Collins. There was quite a good turn-out and the crowd, in my opinion, was a hell of a lot more lively then when they played down in Denver (especially for the number of kids). The lack of security guards and no blocked stage allowed for a much more intimate show (much more than that Dan guy could ever put on). This band has put out a lot of music, and if you want to check them out here's a quick rundown on there albums: *Go Away*, *Up Your Ass*, *The Dom Years*, *Behind the Bars*, . . . *Back on the Streets*. So enjoy this interview, 'cause I sure the hell did. -mike b.-

Your name and the place in the band:

Joe: Joe, I play bass.

Dan: Dan, I play guitar.

What did you guys do over thanksgiving? Anything special?

Dan: No, we were in New York city, kind of missed the turkey dinner.

Joe: I had Ray's pizza on Thanksgiving.

Dan: Where did I eat? Actually we ate at two pizza places.

Joe: Ray's and St. Mark's.

You didn't go to KFC for the mashed potatoes.

Dan: I've been vegetarian this tour, along with the first one. If I would have been home I'd be eating turkey likes there's no tomorrow.

But not on tour . . .

Dan: No.

What was the first punk-band T-shirt that you bought and wore? And do you still have it?

Joe: Mine was -- my second show ever was the circle jerks tenth anniversary tour, and I bought that shirt. I don't have that shirt anymore, and I have no idea what happened to it.

Dan: I'm trying to remember if I got a shirt at -- My first punk rock show was Screeching Weasel and the Mole Paul Stiff's March of 88, and I think that was the first shirt that I got. The Screeching Weasel one, and I've still got that shirt. It's got a big oil stain from working on my car. The sleeves are almost -- it's almost a sleeveless shirt because it's so small on me now.

Are you all originally from Chicago, or did you import anyone?

Joe: Originally we all from the surrounding suburbs of Chicago. Our current drummer is from South Bend Indiana. So it's like two and a half our ride every week for practice.

Is the Chicago Mafia still alive and working?

Both: Oh, Yea.

Any good stories lately?

Dan: They're really good at keeping things under their covers.

Joe: It's pretty much what you hear. I mean stuff goes on. Stuff happens.

For your "Back on the Streets" Album, who did you guys get to do the cover art, and what made you decide to put that on it?

Joe: Alex Wall did, he was the same guy who did the work on "Behind Bars," and we kind of liked what he did then, we had a little problem deciding if we wanted to use him again. We did use him again, but now I think it's time to change things around and move on.

How was it for the band to go from a year and a half off, to into the recording studios?

Joe: It was stressful.

Dan: Yeah, it was the longest recording that we ever did. The most expensive too. But I think it was very worth it. We're all very happy with the recordings.

Joe: We got so anal with it, and we're not used to that, and so added even more stress.

Dan: It was weird because three years ago we recorded Behind Bars in eight days, and this one took us over four weeks. So it was a big difference, and we weren't expecting that when we went in -- well we did book a lot of time, I think we book like three weeks, and we were like hey this is a lot of time, we're never going to need all of this, we're not going to need this time, but hey what the hell. And now we realize that the better that you want it to sound, the more time you have spend on it.

Dan: And it was our drummers first time in the recording studio too, and he was sick, so it was kind of like trying to get used to things.

Dan: It was tough. But well worth the time we spent --and the money.

Was it weird finding yourselves back in the recording studio?

Dan: Yeah it definitely was.

Joe: Well we went from, well Dan and I had a band called Nice Guys Finish Last with our drummer John, and a different singer, that we started up -- and we went from practicing and playing like two shows, to like recording an album for four and half, five weeks, touring all the time.

Dan: Right when we got back together things were going so fast, and there was so much to do. It was tough.



BACK ON THE STREETS

Were all of the former 88 Fingers Louie members speaking to each other during that time?

Dan: At the first half, we didn't talk with Dennis, or Glen our old drummer. Towards the later half, we started dabbling with Dennis, we talked to him when we saw him at

shows here and there. And then we started talking more and more, and then the whole idea about getting the band back together came up. We all had a nice long talk to see if it was what we really wanted, to see if it was going to last. At that point it seemed like it was going to last, so figured what the hell, let's do it.

Was that time off good because it allowed everyone to re-focus, or was it horrible because you had to start off behind where you were?

Dan: I think it was good for some of us to re-focus, I don't know I can't speak for everybody.

Joe: I think the time off kind of like hurt us. Because we're kind like that much behind. At the time we were on the same level as certain bands, and now those bands have gone on and now there at the next level.

Dan: Another thing, and maybe I'm wrong, but from what I've seen, and from what I've heard, the whole punk scene seems to be -- well not dying -- but at least quieting down a little bit. . . From all the bands that I've talked to, over the past two years, things have kinda slowed down from where they were -- from Good Riddance and A.F.I., I think that if the punk scene was better, they'd be even bigger than they are right now. But what ever,

88 fingers - 49 fingers = 39



Other than your band, what did you find yourselves doing during the break up?

Dan: We broke up [Nice Guy's Finish Last] in July, and by September, maybe august, we were trying out new drummers for our band. We went through thirteen, John was our thirteenth drummer.

Joe: Lucky thirteen.

Dan: We tried out a lot of drummers, because they really aren't that many good ones. Then there was one that we had for a little bit, but decided that things weren't working out so we let him go.

You guys are playing down in Denver at a show put on by Dan Steinberg, who is not a very popular person with some people here, any thoughts or comments about the whole situation?

Dan: We knew nothing about this guy, and then our booking agent started getting letters and faxes about a movement to boycott the show. We don't really know what's going on. We're not sure what to make of it.

Joe: Our booking agent got a fax, we got a letter in our P.O. Box, and Hopeless got a letter, Fury and Sessions got a letter.

Dan: It was weird, so we're not sure what to make of it.

Joe: We don't really know because we're not from this scene. There's a club in Chicago that certain people say the same thing, and certain people like that club better.

Dan: And if you go to a show there, it's still a good show, and there aren't any problems. I don't know. I guess we're going to have to take our chances tomorrow. We've never used him before. This is our first time.

Joe: Friends of ours have used him, and they've never had that big of a problem, but you never know.

Is there a lady's man on tour with you guys, who usually gets the phone numbers?

Dan: Actually most of us don't go for that, well sometimes our singer Dennis, but not on this tour.

Joe: Usually Dennis, but not on this tour.

Is anyone married, or any long time committers here?

Joe: Dennis is getting divorced December 23. [1998]

Dan: He supposedly already has a girlfriend.

Joe: I have a set girlfriend.

Dan: I don't, but I'm not into the whole messing around on tour thing, it's not my cup of tea.

Joe: Our drummer John is, he plays around, but he's not Mr. Lady's Man.

Who was the best Roadie that you ever took on tour, and what makes the best Roadie?

Dan: The guy we have right now. Jim is the perfect Roadie.

Joe: Well Jim has four names. Jimmy Alieve, Duggy, Billy, the Axe [or maybe it's the Ex], Billy the Axe [or Ex].

Dan: He been the best. For one, he's funny. It's great to have



someone who can get a long with, hang out with.

Joe: He knows to keep quiet when he should keep quiet.

Dan: Yeah, when there's band discussion going on. He will put in his own opinion as an outsider, but he knows exactly when to put it in, and when not to. Other than that he's really easy going, a hard worker. This is his --what, his third tour, his fourth tour -- and he's willing to learn new things and stuff.

Joe: He drove five hours last night, from like two in the morning to--

Dan: That's the second time he's ever driven--because I usually drive like 90%

RITH: WHAT? ONLY THE SECOND TIME??

Joe: -- For tour.

--LAUGHTER--

RITH: I was about to say that you guys had some serious guts!

Dan: No he has a license and drive at home, but I meant in our van with the trailer and all. He'd only driven it for like an hour before. He's doing a good job.

If I go to Chicago and I only have five or eight bucks in my pocket, where do I go for dinner?

Dan: Eight bucks, oh man. He'd [pointing to Joe] probably say Giordonald's [spelling?]right?

Joe: No, not for eight bucks. For eight bucks you could go to a pizza place called Anthony B's.

Dan: If you're in Chicago and you like Mexican food, you gotta go to a place called Giarcias. Best burritos, huge burritos. And they re good. For five bucks you can get a huge steak burrito.

Joe: But if I were in Chicago, Chicago -- I'd go to Chicago's pizza. They're open until 5am too.

Did you go to public High School?

Joe: Actually no. Neither one of us did. I went to a Catholic High School.

Dan: Same here. For fucking twelve -- thirteen years. Ever since Kindergarten.

What are your opinions on private Catholic Schools?

Dan: I hated it, but I think it did me good. From going to a private school, it's weird, during my junior year, I went to a Catholic/Christian School, that's when I abandoned Christianity. Which is kinda weird going to a school like that. But it taught me enough to make me realize what I believed in, which is kind of cool. And secondly, the discipline. As much as people say, 'well Catholic and Christian schools have more discipline,' blah blah blah, it's true. I they have a better chance of keeping people in line, and teaching them respect. There are too many people out there that don't even have common courtesy. I think that's what might have helped me, maybe I'm wrong, maybe it was my parents.

Joe: My school wasn't as good as his. My education was poor, my High School education at least. The English Department at my school was horrible.

Dan: Really? I know our education was good.

Joe: I never read a book in High School.

Dan: Really?

Joe: Yeah, I always got out of it, or like -

Dan: The Cliff Notes or something?

Joe: No, not even that. For my senior year English final, I paid my teacher ten bucks-- actually the whole class paid the teacher ten bucks not to take it. He was getting fired anyways.

Did you go on to college? Any schooling after High School?

Dan: Yeah all of us at least started. I started to go to University of Illinois at Chicago for a mechanical engineer degree. Then two semesters later I was dropping out, I know I could have gone on further, but my heart was in my music, and I was like I wanted to do this -- and I had girlfriend problems at the time, which was really stupid.

Joe: They always get in the way . . .

Dan: Yeah, then later on when the band wasn't doing a lot during the early days, I was starting to go to community college, just to take classes. Then I ended up taking music theory classes.

[To Joe] Did you go to the University of Illinois as well?

Joe: I went to a community college called Trident. The first semester I was there I didn't know what the fuck I was doing. I started taking like computer repair classes, and I had like a semester left, and I dropped out --

Dan: Didn't you go for like accounting for a little bit?

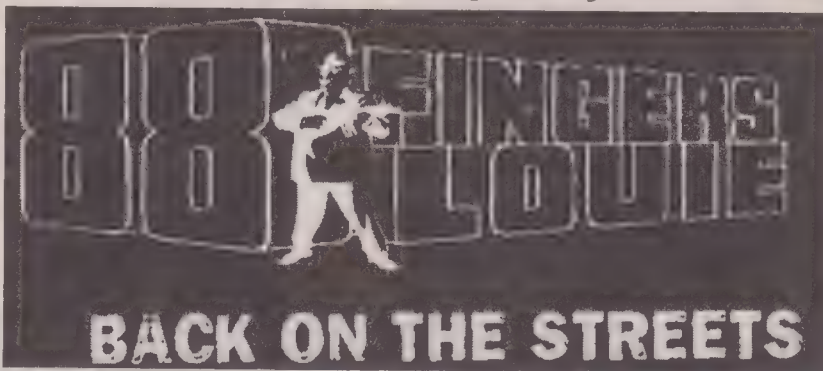
Joe: No, not initially. I dropped out to go to Europe, we went to Europe, and I stopped taking computer classes. Then I went back to school after the band broke up for accounting, because I had accounting in high school and it came really easy to me. Something wasn't right with me and school, like now, I just kept

thinking about band stuff and music.

Dan: Yeah the same here. Your supposed to be doing your work and all you can think about is your music. It's like man, my heart's not here.

Joe: I would always write a song in my head and I would have to pick up a

guitar. When ever I would do my homework, my guitar would be like right there, and I would have to look at it, and then I would have to try an idea out. Then I would be up to three in the



morning playing the guitar.

Now 88 Fingers Louie toured Europe a while ago, how did that compare to the States?

Joe: Yeah 1996.

Dan: It was different. It was our first tour in Europe, we were headlining it, we realized it was going to be small shows. And it was small shows in most places.

Joe: We did come back with money though, and that was kind of weird.

Dan: That was weird. Very weird. But I enjoyed a lot, rally cool, just the different places. I've been to Europe twice, to Poland, but I was like four and five year old. It was cool to be like my age and be able to see a lot of different things. It was really tough on all of us though, with the language barrier, and it was winter. We were supposed to be out there for six weeks, we got in a van accident out in Sweden, and had to come home like two weeks early. We were at the verge of breaking up at that time, due to that and other things were going wrong. It was just hard on all of us to be out there.

Joe: It was a bad time to be out there.

Do you ever think about ever going back across the ocean for another tour?

Joe: Oh yeah,

Dan: We've actually got plans --

Joe: well nothing's concrete, but we're talking to other bands, so . . .

Any new recording plans in the future, or are you guys going to be on tour for a while?

Dan: We've got some songs, and some other ideas.

Joe: I've got like tons of ideas, our next thing that we're probably going to record for is a split with this band called Kid Dynamite, they're on Jade Tree. It's like the guitar player and the first drummer from Lifetime are in the band.

Dan: Yeah they're really good. They are awesome.

Joe: And they are from Phila [Philadelphia].

Do you have a date to record for that split?

Joe: Umm, we don't know. We haven't gotten a label for that yet. We're still talk to some, and well we don't know. We don't want it to be on Hopeless or Jade Tree.

Dan: We want it on a different label if possible.

How did you hook up with Fury 66 [another one of my favorite bands] for this tour?

Joe: We've known because they are good friends with Good Riddance, and so are we. So mutual friends.

Dan: We met them a long time ago, like in '95 I think it was or something . . .

Joe: No that's when we were breaking up, by '96. Oh wait it was before then, so it was around '95.

Dan: It was cool, they are really nice guys. We actually almost took their Roadie to Europe, when we went to Europe, he was supposed to go with us, but that fell through. They just came out with a new record, and we hadn't talked to them in a while, and we heard their record playing -- I forgot where we were, Seattle? -- we heard this, and we were like 'who is this?' this is really good. It was the new Fury 66 album.

Joe: And we have the same booking agent so,

Dan: Yeah the same booking agent, so we were like 'hey you guys want to go on tour?' and so far it has been really good. Out of the past four tours that we've done, this has been the best as far as us getting along with the other band. Not that we haven't gotten along with the other bands, but we are really close to Fury 66. It's cool, it's really cool.

Joe: This and the Good Riddance tour.

Dan: Yeah, they're are probably the two best.

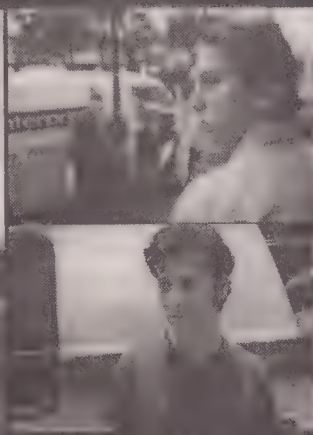
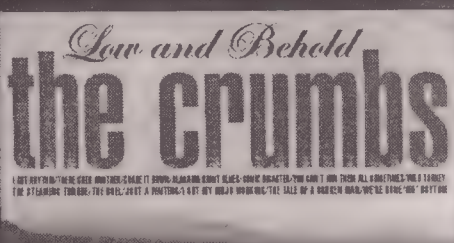
. . . Any great last messages to change mankind?

Dan: There was something really cool that I thought of, but I can't think of it now.

Joe: Well, keep listening, and winter tours are really hard to do.



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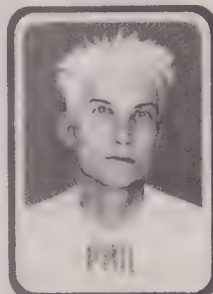
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XFLOORPUNCH



Floorpunch is a straight edge band from New Jersey who played a show in Denver on Jan. 3rd 1999, and Salt Lake City on the 4th. After the Denver show we put them up at our house for the night and it was funny to wake up in the morning and see vocalist Mark (a very big man) standing in the kitchen in his boxers doing the dishes. We did the drive to SLC with them and saw them play again for a handful of Utah kids and then did an interview. After spending the day hanging out with Floorpunch I can honestly say that they are some of the coolest guys around. If you didn't get the

chance to see them in Denver or S.L.C. I hope that you can see them out east before it is too late. Interview done by Jim Berres with help from Mike and pictures done by Stefan.

P.S.- Mark Summer from RAIN ON THE PARADE (R.I.P.) was filling in for Marc Zev, who couldn't get the time off work to tour.

BSE: Who's everyone in the band?

Mark Porter: Mark Porter (vocals), Chris Zusi (Guitar), Bill (Guitar), Mike Kingshott (Drums), Mark Summer (Bass).

BSE: So did Duncan deserve it?

MP: Ya, he called me a Nazi. Being that I spent the first four years of my hardcore life fighting those fuckers, I took it as quite a kick in the balls when he said that. Seeing that he never even met me before. If you read the Punk Planet Interview that he did, he did honestly say, and I quote "I still to this day do not know if they are truly homophobic." Read the Interview, it says the whole thing. If you don't even know then why would you go ahead and throw mud in our face?

BSE: And the highlight of tomorrow will be?

MP: In two hours, it will be Reno. Gambling, giving back the money that I won in Missouri.

Mark Summer: And hopefully winning back the money that I lost there.

BSE: Who's the resident drug addict?

MP: Our drummer, he's the shadiest guy in the band.

BSE: So this is probably the only tour?

MP: Ya, I can't get off work, I took a two month leave of absence.

BSE: What do you do for a living?

MP: Commodities Broker, I trade coffee. Me and the lead singer of KILLING TIME work together.

BSE: How many years of college did you go to?

MP: I went for a year. I met some one up there and started out interning one day a week. Then I lied to a guy and told him that I knew what I was doing, lied to him, and figured it out from there. I was 20 then and I'm 26 now. So that was six years ago. So I took a two month leave of absence, just this once.

BSE: So what kind of response do you think you guys have as a whole, versus just this last show here?

MP: If we were charting our response I think it would be really high on the east coast, then limited down in the central. Then the west coast hopefully a little more. Kids have a different sense of humor on the east coast. You guys have to see me on the east coast, I just walk out and I'm like "Hi you fucking ass holes." I sound like Paul Bearer from SHEER TERROR, but I'm a straight edge nerd.

BSE: What about California?

MP: IN MY EYES is supposed to cancel their show tomorrow to come to ours. I'm real good friends with all those guys. Just hang out with them and seeing some familiar faces will be cool.

MP: Anyway, we are going to New York in two and a half weeks and it will probably be miserable over there too. The guy who booked the show said we should do really well. I'm just excited to get off of work for a couple of months and just hang out. We are a pretty funny bunch of guys.



X FLOORPUNCH X



BSE: So are you guys writing anything for the next album?

MP: Actually, we're breaking up after this. You guys are the first people that we have told. We are doing another 7" and that will be it. They (the rest of the guys) don't know this, but I'm quitting.

BSE(In shock): WHY?

MP: I've enjoyed it, but it will be four years in August, and that is a long time. We wanted to be just like Project X. Play 10 shows and then break up.

BSE: Will the record be on Equal Vision Records again?

MP: Yes. We're also putting out a split 7" with Blood For Blood on Victory or something. Then we are doing our 7" on Equal Vision and that will be it.

[The other Mark comes back]

BSE: So how long have you been playing with Floorpunch, just this tour?

MS: Just this tour and that's it.

MP: Tell them about the east coast, aren't we pretty big out there?

MS: 400 kids.

MP: Kids always talk shit about our lyrics. I'm not going to lie, I wrote the demo in one day. I just listened to Project X and that's just what we wanted to do. In Jersey in '95 there was no scene. It was all metal. And one day we were at a show, it was Mouthpiece and Ignite, you know, a pretty big show. I was talking to our drummer, who I've known since '88. I said "dude, let's start a band, total old style." Fuck it, if kids don't like it, we'll just break up. Our first show was with Earth Crisis and it was a mob and the kids were going fucking nuts. We were like "shit, maybe we should keep doing this." So then we just played a few more shows. We don't play much, in 1998, I think we only played eight shows. We never play.

BSE: All in the same area?

MP: Ya, from Boston to D.C.

BSE: How long is your set on the east coast? 40-45 min?

MP: No, 30 minutes max, with talking. I used to talk a lot, but then I'd look on the internet and people were always talking shit about what I said on stage. So I stopped talking. Our new album is 16 songs in 20 minutes. Meaning we will play 20 or so songs, but it will only take 30 minutes.

[At this point in time a Mormon girl mistakes 4 kids from Boulder for guys from Floorpunch!]

MP: So we were walking down the street and I'm kind of friends with the guys from MURPHY'S LAW. But it was me, Rob Fish (108), some other kids from Resurrection, and some black guy off of the street. Jimmy Gestapo was like "Hey Floorpunch what's up?" He was talking to Rob Fish and the black guy, he didn't know who the hell we were.

Bill: Wasn't that after the Raybeez benefit?

MP: Ya.

Random Utah kid: Raybeez!

BSE: Thanks for the interview and have a good tour.

MP: Thanks for coming out and supporting us and I hope to see you guys out east one day.



T H E G A M I T S

the Gamits are quite probably the best band in the entire God-damn state of Colorado. They have been around for about 3 years. They have a brand new cd ep called "this is my boomstick" on to the left records (which my girlfriend Anna and i run) which rocks like a motherfucker on crack. They have also appeared on numerous comps and put out a seven inch on drugstore records (which is now on to the left). The interview took place at 8 houses in between robbie knive's building to building jump after the simpsons.

- alright, so lets start the interview by going around the room and saying your name, what you play and who the best band of all time in the world is.

forrest: uhhhhh i dont know.

Chris: forrest plays the drums and his favorite band is...

forrest: odwalliaia. uh i dont know about the best band in the world. 98 degrees.

- so, who are you?

Chris: i'm Chris. Chris f. and i dont know about the best band in the world.

- well who are some of them?

Chris: well there's always rage against the machine. here uh that 16 year old girl on mtv.

- who are you?

Matt: i'm Matt and i play the bass (forrest laughs for some reason) and the best band would have to be between aqua and to do.

- so, lets see... whose your least favorite local band?

Matt: the ladonnas.

forrest: the ladonnas for sure.

- Can i print that?

Chris: sure, what are they gonna do, kick our ass?

- so have you guys ever noticed that two of you used to be in the pinhead circus?

Chris: yeah, i've noticed that.

- are you sad, Matt, that you were never in the pinhead circus?

Matt: i'm gonna join.

forrest: he's gonna join next week. (laughter again.)

- so, who's the best guitarist in the band?

Chris: Matt.

Matt: Chris.

Chris: Matt for sure.

- forrest, are you sad that you weren't even nominated in the best guitarist category?

Chris: forrest has a couple of songs that he wrote this month. what are they?

forrest: i got, uh, suck it, and uh, baby, i dont wanna get hurt.



matt: it's an r and b song.
Chris: the guitar work insane.

- yeah like what? yngwie? uses the fourth finger?
Chris: Power Chords.

- tell me about your upcoming releases, that's a pretty standard question.

Chris: yeah. tell him matt.

matt: well, we got a short cd coming out on to the jet records. we're very excited about this release. it's a real blockbuster. it has seven smash hits on it.

- especially the last one.

matt: yeah.

Chris: we can talk about that song.

- yeah, tell me about the hidden track.

Chris: it was uh (burp) uh (burp). i don't know when we did that, we only had about one or two other songs when we first decided to start the gamits about three and a half years ago. we never planned to do anything with that song.

- it's a hit man. did all of you play on that song?

Chris: it was just me playing everything.

- do you have any other releases coming out? like comp tracks, or a full length?

matt: yeah we have a full length cd coming out in june or may.

- what's happening with your seven inch?

Chris: well, his guy's buying them and will hopefully get rid of them. (burp)

- who larts the worst?

matt: Chris well...forrest

forrest: the thing is, i lart all of the time

matt: forrest larts constantly.

- are you sad that you were not even nominated in the worst lart category

Chris?

Chris: no. my ass is more sporadic. matt's ass is more consistent but not as pungent.

- are you guys gonna tour soon?

Chris: yes, march 4th for a week and a half by ourselves and then, i think with the homeless wonders for like a week after that.

- do you guys like wings?

Chris: Paul McCartney's band?

matt: Paul was the most talented one.

- what if you guys had to break up but you had to join someone else's band but you got to pick the band, who would you join?

Chris: Weezer.

forrest: 98 degrees.

- are you guys a punk band?

Chris: Punk as fuck. (laughs)

- what do you think of "the scene"? i probably won't stick these questions in because i hate punk questions.

Chris: that section in the denver post?

- yeah

Chris: it doesn't cover much ground.

- Van Halen or yngwie malmsteen, who's better?

Chris: Van Halen

matt: yeah Van Halen.

forrest: i don't give a shit about either of those.

- steve vai or john lennon?

matt: i'll forget you ever asked that.

- Whitesnake or White Lion?

matt: White Lion.

(bunch of black sabbath talk was here)



Gamits = 47

The Gamits

• What are some of you guys' favorite acts around these days?

Chris: for reals?

• yeah, well, you can joke if you want, i don't care.

Chris: i like scared of Chaka a lot. the dillinger tour album is great.

• any local acts?

Chris: aCrobat down. who else is a real good local band? the fairlans. they are only half local though. the nobodys. the new quarm stuff is cool. i mean there is a lot of cool stuff out now.

(here there was a bunch of "uuuhhhhhh..." and "mmmmmmsssss..." then robbie knieve's daughter sang a horrible rendition of the national anthem. she also messed up some of the words)

• What is a color that describes your personality.

Chris: let me do forrest. let me say yellow because forrest is like a ray of sunshine.

forrest: Chris would be.... gold because he sparkles.

• What about leuven (malt)?

Chris: he would have to be some sort of earth tone because he smokes a lot of the chronic.

malt: word.

• What is your favorite type of beer?

Chris: i like Guinness but i also like jile beer. cause i can drink more.

forrest: me, probably cause i like jile beer. too.

malt: my favorite beer is bombay-sapphire gin. (laughing here because malt's answer was so funny)

• What's your least favorite thing? i mean something that you fucking hate.

malt: ska-punk bands

forrest: the word "no".

• Politically, what's your stance?

Chris: ninja. don't buy snapple.

• forrest?

forrest: uhhhhh...

Chris: he wants the government to pay him to sleep.

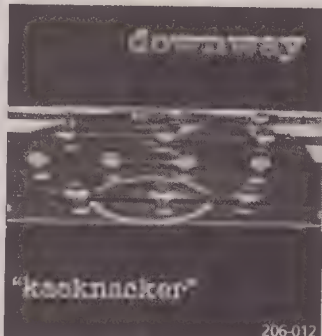
Chris: all right scott, if you had to pick one word to sum up the Gamits, what would it be?

• the rock and roll.

the rest of his interview sloped even lower than that which has been printed thus far. don't worry, all you missed was some banter regarding america's funniest skands (ska bands), ramen, forrest's gross meal, worshipping the sun and the moon as powerful gods and fearing them, getting caught masturbating and a bunch of other nonsense.

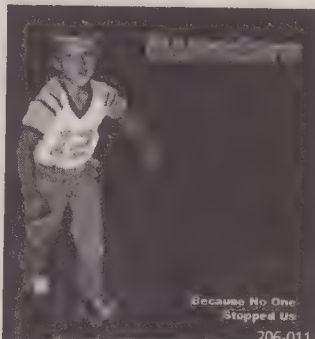


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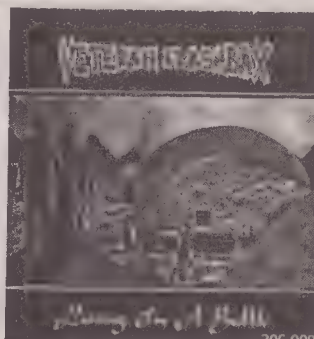
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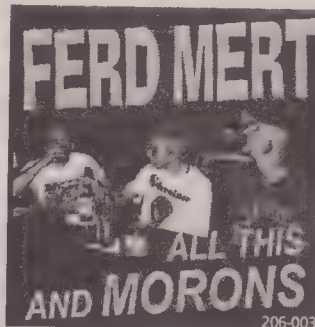
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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF ALLEN WRENCH-

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A PUNK ROCK SUPERSTAR

I began receiving promo propaganda by the pound about two months ago. Apparently, there were some psychotic wrestler down south who had just put out a punk record. As the propaganda increased and my curiosity as to the stories that went around about this Allen Wrench, I began to question if this was just another punk rock myth. So I began seeking out stories from real people about Allen Wrench, and surprisingly, I got responses! What follows is a story about a girl who has actually met with Allen Wrench and hung out with him face to face. He really has had a pro wrestling career and he really does front a punk band. Yes, there are sex, drugs and rock n roll in the story that follows, and I hope that all of have the common sense to know that emulating this man might be a sick thing to do, but check it out, I'm sure you'll be entertained. -Stefan

A weird thing has happened in this world of sXe, corporate punk, emo, and so called grind core... true originality. While MTV has been hyping the latest generic GREEN DAY or what ever other 'cool new alternative rock' project, true evil has been brewing. True evil has been massing, True evil has gained power and become a superhuman / bigger than life phenomenon. This evil has a face, and this evil has a name. This evil is KILL ALLEN WRENCH... punk rock's most important band.

Very rarely in the world of rock do you have bands with personalities such as these: First of all there's Matt Naked. A guitarist extraordinaire. Hailing from legendary punk rock group ROAD WHORE, Matt Naked's guitar ability can truly go toe to toe with any metal idiot of your choice. Name them: Van Halen, Dio, Ozzy, Scorpions, Matt Naked has them beat, NO SHIT. A metal guitarist in a punk band? No it doesn't sound like you think it would. This is some seriously great shit. Then there's TRACE ELEMENT: The original drummer from WHITE FLAG. He's done tons of impressive stuff, the most recent being his work with J.F.A. (Jodie Foster's Army). On bass there's the PRINCE (Mark Hernandez). He also had a punk background with a band called the LATIN LOVERS... big local stuff. You want to talk heavy hitting? Another guy... DR. HEATHEN SCUM. That's right, the living legend himself. Original MENTORS founder. He himself not only condones, but also performs in this virtual punk rock supergroup. Last but not least is the ultimate weapon... ALLEN WRENCH. This guy's a total fuck up. He's got a few persistent problems: heroin, glue, speed and booze to just start the list. And the groupies seem to live for it. A bigger than life personality, Allen Wrench is no doubt one of the single greatest personalities in not only punk, but rock history as well.

This story was submitted by a girl that was overwhelmed by the insatiable Allen Wrench charisma. Endless groupies say over and over again, "Allen Wrench is the epitome of punk. Allen Wrench is a superstar". In awe of Allen Wrench's mighty presence, Tonya was able to work her way into the Allen Wrench whirlwind inner-circle, and document one of his unbelievable days. -A





KILL Allen Wrench

By Tonya S:

I had first heard about Allen Wrench about three or four years ago. The basic unbelievable stories... all wacked on dope fucking two sisters in the bathroom of a party or something, then doing the girl's mom after she took her daughters home. Then there's all the martial arts stuff... in a fight with some Mexican gang bangers in a liquor store and breaking one guy's arm and another's leg. To tell you the truth, I never thought the guy really existed.

And then last year I saw his band in L.A. You know what, none of that shit was over exaggerated. This guy's a fucking punk rock god. I happened to be one of the first people to have seen this band live and it was incredible. I'm not into metal, but this band seemed to be a cool combination of rock and punk. I was in awe. I remember while at the show I was thinking to myself, 'I've got to talk to this guy' in a serious way. After their set was over, I went over to see what he was like and talk to him a little. That's when I first started realizing the awesome power of Allen Wrench.

I went to the side of the stage. One of the guitarists (I think it was Dr. Heathen Scum) was giving Allen some pills. As Allen was dropping the pills in his beer (Pabst Blue Ribbon), I was about to introduce myself.

That's when these two sluts ran up and pushed me out of the way. These girls were way drunk, but Allen was drunker. All I remember hearing was "sign my tits!" and "I want you to fuck us!" from these two girls. Allen was slurring and junky talking worse than they were. Then it all turned into a big sloppy make out session. I watched him whisper into their ears and then they all went out the side door. I followed and saw them get into a white '70s Corvette that was really loud. The t-tops were off, and that's the last I saw of them.

I went back into the club to see if there was some sort of after party or something. The only people that were left were Trace Element (drums) and Matt Naked (lead guitar). They both were involved with some sort of pill / money exchange with a skinhead guy that was wearing a lot of gold. I wasn't able to find out anything. I told a few of my girlfriends about the show. Nobody had heard of the band.

Then, all of a sudden just a few months ago, a girl I had gone to school with was telling me about a friend of hers that was hanging out at Allen Wrench's house. It was time to find out a little more about Allen Wrench up close and personal. I gave Suzan a call and asked if I could go over to Allen's the next time she went over. Suzan said it was cool, and that there was a party going on Friday night.

Friday night came around and it was time to party. The house was real cool, big 'ol cranking driveway.

The main party was downstairs. There were about 25 people. All the guys from the band were there except Allen, but Trace Element left with some girl after just a few minutes. From what I could tell this was a bunch of groupies and the KILL ALLEN WRENCH inner circle + some press / fanzine types. I started talking to a girl who looked normal and was just sitting in a chair in the corner. When I walked up to say something to her, she didn't have the ability to answer back. The only thing I could tell that she was saying was "Pabst", "I want to fuck him next", and "pot brownies". Everybody was super wasted. I got myself a mixed drink and while walking around I met a guy named Kentucky Craig. He had done some stuff on the record and seemed to be Allen's right hand man.

According to Craig, a few days earlier, Allen had met this girl who had a friend who's mom actually shot up John Belushi with the speed and coke that killed him. Allen wanted the girl to slam him with the same type of 'speed ball'. Apparently Allen didn't die, and he and the girl had been all strung out and fucking for the past few days straight. Craig said Allen was upstairs and totally asleep. Then he asked if I wanted to go upstairs and meet him. I had no choice but to agree. I had to hang out with Allen Wrench. We went up the long staircase to the main room.

Craig didn't knock on the door and we walked in. As the door opened up the stench of unclean girls and rotten beer overwhelmed me. Even though the room was lit by a lone candle burning in one of many Pabst Blue Ribbon bottles, I could still tell that this was the most out of control sloppy, messy, disarrayed bed room I had ever seen. There was even an organ grinder monkey in the corner, tied to a beer keg, that was going through all the clothes on the floor and throwing beer cans out of the open window. Allen was in the bed totally asleep and snoring super





loud.

As the Craig guy handed the monkey a fresh beer I thought I heard something weird in the bathroom. The door was partially open, so I opened the door and turned on the light. That's when I saw the palest girl I'd ever seen in my life. This girl was so pale she was almost clear. Until I saw her move, I thought she was dead. I called over Kentucky Craig. When he came into the bathroom, he said "Oh fuck, not again". He then ran downstairs. I was surprised that finding this didn't disturb me. The situation had just the opposite effect on me. I felt an even greater need to know more about Allen Wrench.

Matt Naked and Dr Heathen Scum bolted into the bathroom and grabbed the girl. As they dragged her down the stairs I could hear Trace Element yelling at Kentucky Craig. Craig was yelling back "It wasn't me this time, she was up there with Allen! My chicks took off yesterday!" I could hear the panic in Craig's and everyone else's voices.

As I remained upstairs I could hear the frantic scrambling of all the party goers. Cars were starting and burning out. Everyone was leaving and fucking quick. After a few moments it looked like it was just me and Allen left in the house. I sat in the bedroom and fed some tortilla chips to the monkey. While I wasn't looking, the thing got into my purse and ate my lipstick. I tried to talk to Allen. But nothing could stop the incredible volume of snoring that was coming out of this guy, so I went downstairs.

There was a beer tap at the bar. There was a full, still cold beer right under the tap. I took one drink out of it, and that was a big mistake. I instantly got super tired and tried to make it to the couch. I didn't make it. That beer had something strong in it because I was out for about 8 hours.

I had the weirdest dreams in my life. I couldn't remember any of them, but I know they were totally weird. I woke to the sight of Allen Wrench standing above me. At first I thought I was dreaming, but my brain slowly cleared and I realized it was morning. Allen started talking, "Who did you come here with?" I told him the girl's name but he didn't recognize her. He asked me if I had drove there and I told him I had. He said he needed a ride to L.A. for something really important. I thought it would be a good opportunity so I agreed. I had hoped to be able to get some one on one conversation with Allen. What I got was something that I would never forget for the rest of my life.

With the effects of whatever I drank still in my system, I slowly pulled myself together and went upstairs to get my purse. The monkey had gone through everything and thrown the contents of my purse all over the room. While fighting with the monkey for my keys, I heard Allen downstairs yelling, "Fucking hurry up I'm sobering up you bitch!" I got my keys back and hurried down stairs. A light hazed accented my vision, and I still felt like I was in some sort of half dream.

When I walked outside, I could see Allen Wrench sitting in my car. He was armed with the biggest cigar I've ever seen and an opened a 12 pack of Pabst Blue Ribbon. It's really weird, but he totally looked like a rock star. But at the same time he looked like a dirt bag. I don't know what it was, but he seemed to have this aura about him. You could tell there was something special about him. Once I started the car, I instantly became the scoffer. Allen demanded to be taken to one of his groupie's house. From what I could tell Allen has some sort of hierarchy of groupies. He has the inner circle: These are his primary girls. Their services seem mostly sexual in nature. All these girls are friends and some times end up in a multiple girl sex thing with him. The next group of girls are mostly of a business nature. These girls handle some aspects of Allen's personal business, such as: PR, travel arrangements, where the cool parties are, and that sort of thing. These girls do have sex with him, but not as much as they'd like, and then there's the outer circle. These are girls that he'll fuck, but doesn't really know. He'll meet them at a

KILL Allen Wrench

show or something. These girls, almost as a rule, are not liked by either of the previous circles, even though the main groupies will have sex with them.

As Allen directed me, I noticed the area of the town was getting worse and worse. When we arrived at the house, I couldn't believe my eyes. This was the most ghetto house I'd ever seen. Weeds in the front yard at least 6 feet tall; a really beat up 70's car taken apart in the driveway. It looked like it was straight from the set of a really bad white trash teen flick. Allen ran inside the house, and then ran back out to the car. He was signaling to me, "Hurry up you've got to see this chick!" I followed him into the house expecting to see the ugliest woman in the world. Inside the house was the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen. The girl said she was 18, but I didn't believe her. Her face was a little strange, but still had a gripping beauty. Her butt was shapely. I remember thinking that in a few years her ass would be really large. But right now, she had a super body.

She said to both of us, "Come on my parents are going to be back any minute!", as she pulled her top off. I've never been into chicks, but this girl had the hottest tits I have ever seen. As she pulled open Allen pants, he slammed a Pabst. Then he said to me, "Come over here baby, Dr Wrench's got something for you." He downed another Pabst. The girl went into his pants and her head began to bob. Allen handed me a beer and began putting his hand up my shirt. I felt disgusted but the



whole situation intrigued me. I couldn't help but think... I'm here with Allen Wrench and this totally hot chick. I was getting into it.

Just then I heard really squeaky brakes and a truck door slam. The girl yelled "Oh fuck my dad's home!" Allen yelled quietly, "Fuck you sluts I'm making a break for it!" He bolted out the back door. As he climbed over the fence I could hear the neighbors' dogs barking. The front door of the house opened up and a 5' tall man with a scraggly beard walked in. He said to, apparently his daughter, "Where's you mom?" I told the two of them that I had to go to my car.

When I got to my car I saw Allen hiding in the back seat. He said "let's get the fuck out of here", so I drove off with out looking back. By this time Allen had finished off the 12 pack of Pabst and needed more, so we stopped at a grocery store. Once again armed with some fresh Pabst, we were ready to hit the road.

Our drive to LA wasn't that exciting. It mainly consisted of Allen getting drunk and talking about how hot the girl was. As his speech began to slur, I felt the cobwebs finally clearing from my head. Allen said he had to talk with someone named Texas Terri. We pulled up to her house and Allen ran inside and was out in just a few minutes. He then said he needed to go somewhere in downtown LA.

As we drove, he stuck his hands down my pants. I was good to go. Allen said after we go to this next place we'd head back to his house in Riverside, and he'd fuck me. I thought it was really strange the way he said it to me. I'd never been talked to in that vulgar of a way. But it was so enticing. I just didn't answer, even though I couldn't resist how excited it made me feel.

We arrived at our destination... a needle exchange program. Allen needed to exchange some needles. I went with him inside, but there was one thing missing... some needles to exchange.

Allen was sweating and his speech was really bad from the last case of Pabst Blue Ribbon he'd drank. "I need some fresh needles" he said to the person at the counter. The counter guy calmly reminded Allen, "Sir, you need a needle to exchange" Wrench calmly replied, "I don't have a needle, because they were taken by pigs." the program worker replied, "that doesn't matter, you still need a needle to exchange." Wrench fucking blew up! "Fuck you, you mother fuckers! I need some fucking needles! I'm sick of sharing syringes with all these loser hookers I'm fucking!" Allen's drunken rage was impressive. I was actually scared! The needle exchange guy threatened to call the police and retreated to a back room in total fear. Allen jumped over the counter and grabbed a fist full of syringes. Some looked new, and some were old and definitely used. Allen yelled in a drunken fury, "I'm a fucking superstar dumb fuck! I'll live forever!" Allen jumped back over the counter and ran outside. I ran after him and followed him to the car.

I was running low on gas. Allen promised me a full tank after we stopped for beer. I was parked on the street in front of a liquor store. Before he went inside, Allen told me he needed money for beer. I was broke. He said that it was o.k. he didn't need more anyway. Out of the side window I could see inside the liquor store. Allen had gotten a 12 pack and was now standing at the check stand. I saw him reach into his back pocket, pull out a syringe, and hold it up... " Try and follow me and I'll fucking stab you with this needle, FUCKER!"

And that was it. It was cool hanging out with a true punk superstar, but I wasn't going to jail. I drove away. I went and saw Kill Allen Wrench 6 months later and they were great. I tried to talk to Allen, but he was busy with fans. It's all probably for the better.

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COLORADO PUNK RADIO

A sunday afternoon in the studio with Trip

by Stefan

Let's talk about Denver Radio. When 92X and Hillary were doing their No Punk Intended show, we became a little bit spoiled. Denver had a good thing and didn't even take full advantage of it until it was too late. Looking back on the show, it barely lasted before the station itself went down, and it really was a shock for most of us who saw the station as a success.

But in the spring of last year came the birth of Colorado Punk Radio. Me and Hilary (one "L" this time) went down to the KRRF 1280X studio to visit a night in the life of CPR.

5:50 -

We parked at Lincoln Street and 16th right in between the gold dome of the Colorado capitol building and the tall shadows of Downtime. I shouldn't be tell you this, but the studios for 1280 AM and 96.5, 100.3, and 105.1 FM are all located in the tall Denver Post building off of Broadway and 16th.

5:55 -

Holy cow is this building nice! We had to sign ourselves in with the night-watchman who then called upstairs to have Trip come and let us into the studio. While we wait for Trip to come and get us, Hilary, the mischievous girl she is, started playing with the flowers that decorated the lobby. She kept picking at them and insisting that they were fake because they were so perfect looking. Of course, she ripped off a petal and then realized that indeed they were real flowers.

5:56 -

Trip arrives in the shiny gold elevator that looks as expensive as everything else in the lobby and we walk back outside the building so that Trip can get a cigarette making the long journey all the way back up to the 11th floor.

5:59 -

The elevators are gold and shiny on the inside too, and Trip's tall tattooed body sticks out in this mirror of an elevator. I keep thinking to myself about how much nicer this is than CPR's old home. When CPR started, they did Monday nights on 1390 AM, a small station that gave air time to anyone who paid a

couple of bucks before they became a transfer syndicated children's program. Trip says the studio was akin to a doghouse and the new location is a palace in comparison.

6:00 -

And it is a palace. The elevator ride up 11 floors was one of the quickest I'd been on. Trip entered his door code (Hell no, I'm not telling you) and we were inside the home of Denver's second largest radio corporation's Denver base. There are plenty of autographed glossies and picture that line the walls - faces of smiling rock stars, who visited the studio on their most

recent tours in attempt to salvage their dwindling music careers in Denver. There's even a bronze/platinum record or two. The halls are fixed at room temperature and everything even *smells* air conditioned and new.

6:02 -

Trip opens the door to the 1280 X AM prep studio where DJs lay out a show and throws sound onto the computer. Sitting behind the stack of CDs is the plethora of hair that we came to know as Mr. Yuk. Mr. Yuk is CPR's current co-hose. He brings some additional radio experience to the show but mainly serves as being an anonymous character who can mess with callers and listeners without jeopardizing his reputation and friendships. Actually, the picture here is the only picture that anyone in the Denver punk rock scene has ever seen of him, and yes that is really Mr. Yuk. I told you had he a lot of hair! When CPR started out, John from Still Left Standing, AKA Crestfallen John, AKA Johnny 7, co-hosted the show at

1390 AM. Trip says that John really helped get the show going and has a huge record collection that is essential in doing punk radio.

6:10 -

From here on out, we have 50 minutes to throw every song on the playlist onto the computer while the rest will be manually inserted by CPR's technical producer.



Trip answering the CPR phones

6:55 -

Finished with the cards, Trip gives us a quick tour of the floor and we see how bad ass some of the studios are. Throughout the night, we are tempted to jump over into one of the neighboring studios and pretend we were psycho killers. Trip showed us the one way mirrored triple bolted door that goes out onto a sub-roof which has been sealed off by the Colorado Bureau of Investigations because it offers a direct line of site to the governor's office in the capitol, the perfect hidden spot for an assassin.

7:00 -

The show before CPR is over and Trip grabs some hot tea to temporarily fix his throat which sounds like sandpaper against gravel when he talks.

7:02 -

The four of us (Hilary, Yuk, Trip, and I) are horsing around in the studio, telling dirty jokes and making faces at the tech producer. The set-up is just as nice as Trip said it was, looking straight of the TV version of Howard Stern.

7:04:59 -

We're joking around and what not when <<bam>> the CPR intro pops on in our headphones and Trip and Mr. Yuk wipe the smirks off their faces, become instantly serious, and give a nice yell to Denver listeners before popping into a song. I was very impressed by the hosts' transition from bouncing around in the studio to seriousness in just a few seconds. Maybe this is because the two were sober. The first time I met Trip was at Area 39 two years ago. I was doing an interview with Son of Sam and Trip's drunken butt kept popping in on the interview. It was funny to listen to that dope the next morning, and the SOS guys got a kick out of embarrassing him when the issue came out. Trip and Mr. Yuk still do most of their shows liquored up. This particular night was a rare occasion according to them, and most listeners would agree. It is pretty obvious to tell when Trip is drunk because the show usually breaks down to somewhat organized chaos by the time 8:00 PM rolls around.



Mr. Yuk strikes a familiar pose

And Trip's currently in the market for the hour slot before his show to expand CPR to two hours every Sunday night.

7:15 -

Michelle, a listener in the metro area calls in. Trip's true un-self-conscious self comes out and tells her she's not going to win the tickets to GBH unless she gets her mom to come and talk to Trip on the air. Michelle's smarter than that - she would rather pay for tickets than give trip free reign over her mom on the airwaves.

7:25 -

Another caller calls in to request a Bouncing Souls song (which involves Trip running next door and tossing to the tech producer before the current song ends). Throughout the hour, some other callers phoned Trip to request free T-shirts and just wanting to say "hi."

CPR has survived on the Denver airwaves a year now.



Last week CPR made it in the Denver Abritron rating book as the show most listened to on 1280 AM for Sunday, a nice accomplishment to show the boss when asking for an extra hour. The only question is, will it survival another year? Trip is such a drunken oaf that he always keeps us guessing. One day he'll have huge hopes and dreams of taking over AM radio as we know it and the next he'll get arrested at a punk concert, only an hour after he got off the air with CPR. They always say that radio personalities need character and I'm sure there is no doubt in his listeners that Tripp has got enough of that for more than his one hour slot right now. Eat your heart out Howard Stern, Trip is the face of the enemy and would rip your lesbian guests out from under you in no time.

REVIEWS

THE MUSIC BEHIND THE MESSAGE

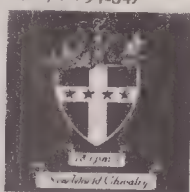
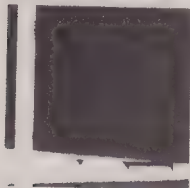
Reviewers: Brad Lewis (BL), Christian Beansprout (CB), Dustin Hardgrove (DH), Ed Mitchell (EM), Evan O'Meara (EO), Hilary Petrock (HP), John Fisher (JF), Mike McCabe (MM), Nik Buenning (NB), Stefan Substitute (SS)

17 YEARS- "s/t" CD

This is a pretty eclectic CD. There is a female singer and a male singer, and they trade off singing. Some of it was poppy, and the last song sounded a little like Social Distortion. The woman sounds like the Discount singer with a little bit of Kim Deal (the Muffs) in her. The guy sounds like the Rhythm Collision singer. I liked this CD just because every song is different, and it would take a while to get sick of it. (HP)
(Far Out, PO Box 14361, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302)

78 RPM's- "New World Chivalry" CD

Let me first say that I really loved the great art that was scattered throughout the booklet and back cover. Any old label can just crank a CD out but it's the extra effort gets the album recognition. The first thing that everything that everyone is going to observe is, "oh, ex-Skankin' Pickle" but there is more to this. The trombone and Hammond organ parts throw the Snuff name up to the front lines. Sure it's got plenty of Lynette/ Lars styled Skanking Pickle ballads which rock out of this world, but this album is the first step for 78 RPM's to establish a name of their own. (SS)
(Dill, PO Box 347388, San Francisco, CA 94134)



AFI- "A Fire Inside" CD

This is classic East Bay Hardcore with some metal overtones, but they don't lose their hard-hitting tempos and intensity. The stark lyrics lend an edge of darkness to this release. This is really short for a CD, just less than ten minutes, but it is also available in 7" form. (JF)
(Adeline, PO Box 11470, Oakland, CA 94611)

ALKALINE TRIO- "Dammit" CD

Nice music to dance to, it's got that good ole pop-punk feel that everyone likes to boogie to. This is just a solid release, from start to end. I had to turn it off while doing my reviews because I wasn't getting anything done, I just kept stopping to listen more. It has singsong vocals on top of some wonderful punk rock music. Poppy to no end, and even an all acoustic song which wins points in my book. A necessary edition to any pop-punk library. (BL)
(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030)

ALL DAY- "When We Were Good" 7"

This completely reminds me of 80's style punk rock. Agent Orange, The Freeze and Minor Threat all thrown together with some juicy tenderloins and thrown on a long stake. Cooked over a fire for ten minutes and bam: a red vinyl shish-ka-bob that fits ALL DAY perfectly! (SS)
(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809)

ARSON FAMILY/ FORTY-SIX SHORT 7"

ARSON FAMILY is pissed pissed. Spazz hardcore with bridges followed by more quick tempo eighth notes

on the drums. The kind of set that you would expect a human sacrifice after! 46 SHORT takes the reins and turns the screaming into a shouting but then breaks into verses ala Bouncing Souls vocals and mood. I fucking love it when the vocalist yells, "FALL, FALL, FALL" on the second song. Makes me want to get out a sheet of paper and start taking notes. This is a damn good split. Variety and two good quality bands that could each hold their own stuck by themselves in an alley. Bannana-yellow vinyl. (SS)
(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809)

THE ASSMEN- "Enema Nation" CD

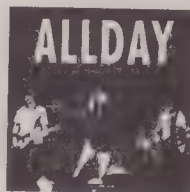
Songs like "Beer Is Good Food" - a real winner for all you intellectuals out there. This is lethargic punk rock who Dirty Records needs to enmate (this is my future tense of enema) out of the label. (DH)
(Dirty Records, PO Box 6869, Glendale, AZ 85312)

THE ATARIS- "Look Forward to Failure" CD

My favorite pop-punk band out there, and they didn't let me down with this release. Not just your average taste of pop flashes of catchy radio friendly guitar hooks (complete with the necessary start-stop, pause thing). The Ataris have matured in sound, playing everything a bit fuller, but they still stayed young enough to sing their songs about girls. The full sound of the record is complete with some emo-esque second guitar parts, I love it! (BL)
(Fat, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119)

ATWOOD 9- "s/t" Cdep

They are definitely skilled musicians with a tight, together sound. They don't strike me as anything really original, but do an excellent job of fitting in. If you like Let's Go Bowling, The Toasters, and Mustard Plug, you should check these guys out. (MM)
(Side 1, 6201 Sunset Blvd, Suite 211, Hollywood, CA 90028)



BEACHWOOD SPARKS- "Desert Skies" 7"

This ep is sure to get the feel-good rock 'n roll soul that you have hidden inside yourself out. Music that you would trip to or at least make you check the cover a second time to see if this was really put out in 1968 and they just turned the six upside-down on the cover to make it say 1998. Mid-paced indie rock ideal for desert parties. (SS)
(Bomp, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

B.G.K.- "A Dutch Feast" CD

This is a retrospective look back on the 46 songs that Netherlands hardcore junkies BGK put together in the 80's. The music is not unlike Minor Threat with pure and simple (but sincere) Hardcore punk. The lyrics range from political anthems to personal and funny stories. Even if you've never heard BGK while they were around (as most didn't) this serves as an excellent tribute to their spirited hardcore. (SS)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092)

JELLO BIAFRA- "If Revolution Is Outlawed, Only Outlaws Will Evolve." CD

This is a spoken word album by the ex-singer of the Dead Kennedys. It is a three disc set from his live discussions which contains adamant criticism of the US government and what we can do to fix it. His topics are very well researched and reveal facts that the government doesn't want us to know. His attacks on the present state of our nation serve to outrage people into wanting to take action. The things he has to say are things that should be pointed out to every person who cares enough to work for change. I am glad that I got the chance to review this album, and think that everyone should try to at least listen to it. (MM)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092)

BICKLEY- "Kiss the Bunny" CD

If you take the humorous rantings of Guttermouth, and the music and vocals of the Vindictives, this is what you will get. This CD is chock full of fast paced nasal whining, with some pop punk harmonizing. My initial opinion was indifferent, but after hearing it a couple of times, the songs started to grow on me, and although it will never be my favorite CD, I would at least listen to it every once in a while. (JF)
(Fearless, 13772 Goldenwest St. #545, Westminster, CA 92683)



BLUE MEANIES- "livelive" CD

As they themselves put it, they are not the typical ska-core punk band, they play music. I would describe them as hard, fast, aggressive rock with horns. More on the punk-core side than ska. High energy and explosive. It sounds like they put on a great live show and I could picture every single kid going all out to this original approach. (MM)
(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030)

BUILT TO LAST- "s/t" CD

This is really good hardcore. Little to no metal and mid-tempo to fast-tempo with shouted lines hard core. Hardcore the way I like it. You can make Gorilla Biscuits comparisons with the similarities between the vocals on here and Civ's on certain songs, but I try to remain more optimistic and hope that the violence at this type of a show isn't as horrible as what scared kids like me away in the first place. This is a gem of an album, enough to bring all those discouraged with hardcore back in the past out of the closet. (SS)
(Resurrection AD, PO Box 763, Red Bank, NJ 07701)

BUSRIDER- "s/t" 7"

Driving emo on gold vinyl, who could ask for more? It has some definite pop thrown into the mixture; it has some slower parts and a really intense hate song, overall I really liked this. If you like emo, I recommend that you check this one out. (JF)
(Illumination, PO Box 700194, San Jose, CA 95170)

CANDY SNATCHERS- "Human Zoo" CD

Every time the Candy Snatchers traverse this country they build a bigger and bigger following of people itching for their balls-out live show. I was afraid to put this disc in my CD player, afraid that the music might take away from the live spectacle. But what shines through on this album is that the Candy Snatchers really can play their instruments! The individual talent in this band is really shown off with the good song-writing that they have evolved into, producing a tight, spirited classic punk sound sure to impress. (SS)

(Go-Kart, POB 20, Prince St. Station, NY, NY 10012)

COCKSPARRER- "Two Monkeys" CD

Three chords, Brit accents, and punk rawk! They have attitude and know how to rock. And then they surprised me... they spiced it up. Some thrown in guitar wailing changes the sound enough so it isn't just another Ramones copy with some Oi hooks. Cheesy riffs that will broaden any smile and lyrics that will make you proud to be punk. (BL)

(Rotz, 2211 N. Elston Ave., Chicago, IL 60614)

THE CONNIE DUNGS- "Songs For Swinging Nice Guys" CD

This CD is a re-release of two of the band's earliest tapes, which are now unavailable. Classic nasal whine over medium paced beats. This has some really catchy songs that sound a lot like Screeching Weasel. This is fairly standard for old pop punk, really catchy beat, somewhat repetitive, I think you know the type. The kids will go crazy again for Mutant Pop. (JF)

(Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

CUSTOM MADE SCARE- "The Greatest Show on Dirt" CD

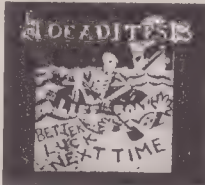
This is real punkabilly. Not like Violent Nine or Hillbilly Hellcats. It is rockabilly, but real fast with lots of energy. This is not necessarily a good thing, and it's not necessarily a bad thing. Those of you who are going to like this album will know who you are -so if that's you go pick it up. I kind of dig it personally. (DH)

(Side 1, 6201 Sunset Blvd, Suite 211, Hollywood, CA 90028)

DEADITES- "Better Luck Next Time" CD

So, I've seen the Deadites live once and only once, yet when I threw this CD in it was like I'd been listening to these songs for ages. There's something there that you can't touch, but it seems to leave these songs stuck in the back of your head. The Deadites sound like if the Dwarves and Ramones and everybody who played UK punk in '77 were shipwrecked on an island and wrote songs in their spare time. Not a chart-topper, but definitely sufficient for a Friday night punk bar party. (SS)

(Craptacular, 504 E La Salle St, COS, CO 80907)

**THE DEMONICS- "Formaldehyde Injection" CD**

Jesus H. Chrysler on a goddamned pogo-stick does this ever rock! How could one describe the DEMONICS? One part DEAD BOYS, one part CHEAP TRICK, one part STOOGES/DEVIL DOGS hybrid, and three parts plutonium! Taking the best elements of punk-rocknroll, rockabilly, and garage, throwing them together with a healthy dose of hot-rods and Satan... Bang-zoom songs of hot-rods, girls (including "Virgin Mary", and a love song for that poor, little, possessed "Regan"), race track death, and epic wonder. For all you kids into nostalgic trivia, guitarist/vocalist Russ played guitar for THE FACTION, when he was only seventeen. If you don't at least attempt to find yourself a copy, you truly are an ignorant little one, and desperately need some schoolin'. (CB)

(Mans Ruin, 610 22nd St. #302, San Francisco, CA 94107)

THE DIMITRI GUREVITCH QUINTETTE- s/t 7"

This group's 7-inch comes on red vinyl (a definite plus for all those collectors out there), and the jacket features the artwork of Dave Paco, who drew the cover of this magazine, RITH #11. They have a really unique style,

with talented musicians filling out the songs with trumpet and saxophone. The songs have no words, and they sound very Russian. It's just supposed to be music to take your over your mind and I can't tell if it's working or not. (JF)

(Illumination, PO Box 700194, San Jose, CA 95170)

DOC HOPPER- "Zigs, Yaws and Zags" CD

Classic pop-hooked punk with song title's like 'She's a cokehead' and 'ceremony for a fat lip.' Doc Hopper pulls off their version of what everyone else has done so many times before, with a lighter approach that combines emo-esque hooks and acoustic bridges to keep your attention running through the span of the disc. A good album, that has enough meat to stand out on its own. (SS)

(GoKart, POB 20, Prince St. Stat., NY, NY 10012)

E-TOWN CONCRETE- "Time 2 Shine" CD

You know how they always said "don't judge a book by its cover?" I guess this falls under that category. When you see that they blend hip hop and hardcore and then check out the band's picture on the promo sheet, you get scared into a corner. Or at least I do, because I, unlike what seems like more and more kids of the underground, don't think that the Beastie Boys are all that hot. But, E-Town Concrete manages to pull it off. More hardcore than rap, I'd call it ghetto rap with an attitude. With metal hooks to get the guitar kids off and tough guy vocals, they still manage to bring everything full circle with the mellower acoustic bridges. (SS)

(Resurrection AD, PO Box 763, Red Bank, NJ 07701)

FIVE IRON FRENZY- "Brad Is Dead" 7"

Sometimes when bands get bigger, they sort of move away from their local scene, putting more and more distance between their hometown and themselves. They'll go on tour and sneak back in town to hide in their homes for a few months before they sneak back out. Maybe it's because they realize how much they owe their local following, that it would take work to repay them. Or, maybe it's just because the local kids knew the band when they, uh, weren't so great. But that's not the case here. I see bands like Pinhead Circus, the Nobodys, and All give back time and time again. Five Iron Frenzy jumps into their league, with a blue vinyl goodie sold only in Colorado stores: commerce for the stores, vinyl for the

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collectors and music for the kids. I completely agree. (SS)
(In Colorado stores)

FLUX OF DISORDER/ UP YOURS?

Wow, I was very impressed with the Flux of Disorder side. If you've ever owned the old Chumbawamba tapes from the mid 80's then you'll know exactly what I'm talking about. Breaks, where politics are read out over guitars before breaking back into some more hardcore punk. The Up Yours side is overshadowed by their other single reviewed in later in this same issue, but both bands deliver three songs each and a fist full of energy. (SS)
(303 S. Broadway, Suite B131, Denver, CO 80209)

THE GAMITS- "This is my Boomstick" CD

Scott warned me that this would rock. It's funny how you bring your expectations for a "CDEP" down, but let me tell you, this EP rocks just as hard as any full length could. Six songs of poppy punk that will have you hooked from start to finish, and then a hidden bonus that is the antithesis of the Gamits. You'll be singing along by the time the first chorus rolls around, I promise. (SS)
(To The Left, 914 Pleasant, Boulder, CO 80302)

GOB- "How Far Shallow Takes You" CD

This album is definitely cool. If you ask me it has a little bit of both the worlds of Hard Core and Punk Rock. Why? Well, the first two songs are just some good solid straight-ahead punk rock with some catchy stops and starts and intelligent melodies. But then the second song just busts out with this crazy mid-tempo scream fest! The chorus hits the double-time and the pissed-ness just continues! The rest of the album kind of continues on that theme: straight-forward punk rock to pissed hard stuff. When he screams his voice is reminiscent of Sick of It All. Plus they play super tight, which I love to hear. Their songs have some thought put into them as well, musically, but some of the lyrics leave a little to be desired. But overall, a very good album. 4 1/2 stars. (EM)
(Fearless, 13772 Goldenwest St. #545, Westminster, CA 92683)

GOOBER PATROL- "The Unbearable Lightness of Being Drunk" CD

Goobar Patrol are truly experts at practicing what they

preach. When I talked to them two years ago they told me that their future plans involved staying on welfare forever and having a nice bank account in the US to finance their drinking and rock and roll. This album brings more under-produced but yet very effective punk from these UK boys. The songs are catchy but still rough around the edges, ranging from the standard fast punk tempos down to the mid-paced foot-tapping speed. It's nothing new but definitely an album to keep you entertained throughout the night! Much better than their last album! (SS)

(Fat, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119)



GROOVIE GHOULIES- "Fun in the Dark" CD

I was talking to a friend yesterday and he said that it was okay for the Ramones to use their two chords and call it a song, but that it was up to the next wave of punks to expand on it. Well the Groovie Ghoulies are bringing it back in this latest release on Lookout. Simple, driving sing along songs that could have you bopping around without warning. Lyrics that are easy enough for any kid learn in time for the show like: "She's got a brain-scrambling device." Pop rocking punk at its best. (SS)
(Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712)

HOUSEBOY- "1465 Tamarack Street Press..." CD

I love this CD. It is sort of a mix of Samiam, the Fairlanes, Rhythm Collision, and China Drum. The first track, "Values," is the best song, but they are all good. Houseboy are one of those bands that you can't call emo, because they rock it up so hard that you can't squeeze them into one little three-word description. From the opening song the music will grab you around the neck and take you along, and every time you exhale, they get a chance to squeeze tighter, until you pass out and the CD

ends. You will like this. Stefan went right out and bought an old 7" of theirs. (HP)

(Stiff Pole, PO Box 20721, St. Petersburg, FL 33742)

INSPECTER 7- "Banished to Bogeyland" CD

This is good two-toned skinhead ska, with band members consisting of multiple races and genders, which I think is a truly good example of the misconceptions that are sometimes placed on skins. I 7 feature a driving rhythm section, a nice tenor player and dual vocalists. The horn and vocals bring the sounds of the Pietasters while the bass lines and the rhythm section skanks it on Specials style. 3 outta 4 stars. (SS)

(Radical, 77 Bleecker St, NYC, NY 10012)

THE JACKIE PAPERS- "Uckfay Ooyay" CD

After the first song, which is really fast paced and intense, the CD gets increasingly more mellow and repetitive. Brings back flashbacks of the Circle Jerks at times, but the female vocalist definitely separates them from them. Some of the songs have a tendency to get lost in the background, but I really got into the fast paced ones. Not terrible, but not incredible either. (JF)

(Stiff Pole, PO Box 20721, St. Petersburg, FL 33742)

JIMMY EAT WORLD- "s/t" Cdep

Stefan and I had an argument whether this would be on the radio or not. It is produced and so very fancy in every way possible, especially the art (for more check out this EP's web site, Java to no end), but it is still indie rock/emo. I mean they took their time on this release to make it perfect and it sure is. The infamous JEW dual harmonizing vocals are amazing, the dynamics blend impeccably and the musicianship is top notch. On top of that (they are on Capitol Records, they have to show everyone else up) they throw in synthesized drums, some weird wobbly noises, and a triangle, yea, wow, a triangle. A perfect listen for those days you want to sit around chillin', but still rock out. Did I mention the incredible dual vocals...I think I am going to cry. (BL)

(Fueled by Ramen, PO Box 12563, Gainesville, FL 32604)

KILL ALLEN WRENCH- "My bitch is a junkie" CD

Fucking rules! Satan... Satan. However there is a disclaimer to believing in it which pretty much sucks,

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because I'm all about mislead kids who are into Satan because Slayer tells them to be. Allen Wrench, the singer, is a pro-wrestler with cool tattoos, which although it should - doesn't make the album any better. This CD is a novelty and can be loosely classified under rock. The title track is for all you lovers out there. (DH)

(DVMP, see ad later in issue)

KILL HOLIDAY- "Somewhere Between the Wrong is Right" CD

Everyone knows that Revelation is changing the sound of the bands that they are signing these days. Well this falls right in line with that mode of thinking. When listening to it I feel like I have heard it somewhere before on the radio or something and I want to get into it but when I really start nodding my head it just doesn't do it for me. Lots of chorus on the guitars for that trippy feel, it gives me visions of what Radiohead would sound like on Rev. with Jets to Brazil thrown in. Great music and all but to me it just didn't rock out, maybe tomorrow. (BL)

(Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

KNUCKLEHEAD- "Little Boots" CD

My favorite review this time around! 13 head kicking anthems in the line of a more approachable Dropkick Murphys mixed with Rancid. When the street punks sell enough records to live in nice houses, then bands like Knucklehead come around and take the streets back. You may never have heard of KH but these 3 Calgary punks are a force to be reckoned with in the new millenium, mark my words. (SS)

(Far Out, PO Box 14361, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302)

MAILORDER CHILDREN- "Rock til you drop" Cd

6 songs that mark the end of one of Colorado's greatest punkska bands. Tight ass, horn-driven punk rock that pushes you around a circle pit until you drop. The first time I saw the MoC I was pleasantly surprised and this falls in their tradition of inspired horny punk rock. (SS)

(Not Bad, PO Box 7455, Boulder, CO 80302)

MxPx- "Let it Happen CD

At some point in the history of many bands, they release this CD. This is the one where they take all of their music that they have had sitting around for years and they release it. This is virtually an instant MXPX collection, from the looks of it it contains most of the music from their early 7 inches and EP's, along with several previously unreleased cuts from the recording of previous full lengths. Pretty good, though, with recordings never heard elsewhere and songs you might not hear them play live. (JF)

(Tooth & Nail, 157 Yesler Way #509, Seattle, WA 98104)

THE MONSIGNORS- "Are you there God? It's us, The Monsignors" CD

These guys play some dirty but dignified punk rock. It will get you going with their high tempo riffs, but bring it back by smoothing it out now and again with some saxophone. But they can't quite pull it all the way off. Really grew on me, high potential factor for their next record. Due mostly to a poor mixing job on the album they get very close, but don't quite get to full rock out status. (BL)

(Harmless, 1437 W. Hood, Chicago, IL 60660)

MONSTER VOODOO MACHINE- "Direct Reaction Now!" CD

Thumbing through the promo letter one finds that MVM have played the Ozz Fest and toured with Marilyn Manson! Yet the music is better than expected, bringing back memories of early Black Sabbath or even Ozzy himself, had he fronted Metallica in the hardcore days. Old school metal kids beware! (SS)

(Dr. Dream, 16331 Gothard St, Suite D, Huntington Beach, CA 92647)

THE NERVE AGENTS- "s/t"

Stefan put this on for me in his room at first and it totally ruled. This band totally reminds me of Youth of Today, because their singer sounds just like Ray. It is good solid straight-ahead double time old-school Hardcore at its best. Every song is all about hitting you as fast and as hard as they can without sacrificing energy or quality. I love it, songs about straying from the herd, camaraderie, uniting the scene, the whole shebang! These kinds of

bands are starting to come back and I love it. Buy it, live it, know it, love it. 4 stars. (EM)

(Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

TOP 57 PICKS OF THE ISSUE:

1. BUSRIDER- "S/T"
2. ARSON FAMILY/ FORTY SIX SHORT
3. V/A- "NO BAND PHOTO VOL 1" 2XEP
4. UP YOURS- "FALSE FLAGS"
5. YELLOW SLOTH CHICKEN BROTH

ONE MAN ARMY- "Dead End Stories" CD

If the Swingin' Utters were a three-piece, One man Army would be out of a job. "Dead End Stories" is one of the premier streetpunk albums of the last couple years and if the apocalypse were tomorrow, to the agony of the paranoid masses everywhere, then One Man Army would die knowing they fought a winning battle. Streetpunk that is catchy and easy enough to sing along to, yet harsh enough to maintain integrity. (SS)

(Adeline, PO Box 11470, Oakland, CA 94611)

JEFF OTT/AMANDA- "Epithysial Union" CD

Perhaps the most important recording of the year, right here. Most everyone should be familiar with Jeff Ott (CRIMPSHINE, FIFTEEN), and well, I don't know anyone who know who the hell Amanda is, but here's a good introduction. This is one that will not appeal to narrow-minded, "I only listen to three-chord punk rock" and strictly Fat Wreck types. Why? This is a folk album. That's right ... FOLK. But what you will find are amazing songs with very IN-YOUR-FUCKING-FACE lyrics. The punkest thing you can listen to in this whole damn review section. I shit you not. Jeff takes on the loss of Lucky Dog to suicide (I hope you found rest on the other side, friend. You are missed.), and socio-political issues FROM THE HEART, not posturing with a bunch of hollow slogans. Righting the wrongs starts with writing

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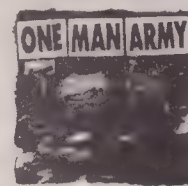
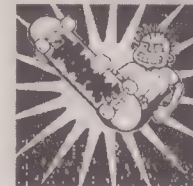
songs! Amanda tackles "womens' issues" in much the same way... PERSONALLY. Making the yearning for positive revolution into something that touches home, not just a diatribe in PROFANE EXISTENCE. If you're looking for something REAL, this is it. This review does this release absolutely no justice. Order a copy right now! (Or if you're broke, send me—Christian Beansprout—a tape and adequate postage, and I'll send you one. Jeff would think that's cool, I just Hope Cool Guy Rec. doesn't mind!) (CB)

(Cool Guy, PO Box 2361, Sante Fe Springs, CA 90670)

PHARMACEUTICAL BANDITS- "Those Damn Bandits" CD

Yeah man, these Pharmaceutical Bandits are pretty cool. I haven't been turned on by a ska band like that in a while. Excellent punk ska that flies perfectly right down the middle of the ska spectrum. Not too hard or grindy, not too goofy or fake sounding, a perfect blend. Happy, fun, and danceable. These guys are amazingly good for their age and definitely deserve your support. (MM)

(Drive-thru, PO Box 55234, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413)



QUINCY PUNX- "Nutso Smasho" CD

My favorite QP album is still "We're Not Punks, But We Play Them On TV." This is more of the same fast paced trashy punk rock that offends conservatives and senior citizens all over the world. If you fit in the last two categories then avoid this album like you would avoid the strap on penis found printed on the CD. (SS)

(Recess, PO Box 1112, Torrance, CA 90505)

REACH THE SKY- "Open Roads and Broken Dreams" CD

"But if you think I can't take this, you are so wrong," so goes my favorite line on this CD. Emotional hardcore

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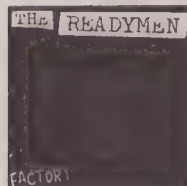
from short-haired guys. All of the lyrics are personal and written entirely in the first person, and by the close of the album you feel like you know the singer like a friend. I was rocking out pretty hard until the 6th song finished and left me with silence. Aaahh!!! That's the worst, just when I was ready to climax in an unrestrained frenzy, the music ends and I realize too late that this is only a long EP! This will definitely hold you over until the full length comes out and then the frenzy can continue... A must for Ignite fans. (SS)

(E.C.E., PO Box 7295, Prospect, CT 06712)

THE READYMEN- "Factory" 7"

This is a ska/punk band from Eugene, OR, and their West Coast influences show. Upbeat and catchy, their songs are faintly reminiscent of Op Ivy with their lack of horns in the ska genre. Fast paced with lots of punk thrown in. The strong bass playing adds a lot of character to the songs. Overall pleasurable listening experience. (oh yeah, limited edition green vinyl :) (JF)

(Illumination, PO Box 700194, San Jose, CA 95170)



ROAD RAGE- "Nothin' to Declare" CD

Oh wow! Knock my socks off from the push of the play button. UK-styled anthems of fist-pumping punk madness. I want to run around my room and shout along with the raspy vocals, oi style. The best part about reviewing music is finding bands that kick your ass that you've never heard before. Road Rage is one of them. If I were into top 40 radio I would sell all my blockbuster CD's in for a single copy of this and the run away from everyone, I really mean it. Hell yes. (SS)

(Radical, 77 Bleecker St, NYC, NY 10012)

SCREECHING WEASEL- "s/t" CD

Every Screeching Weasel fan's dream come true! The first SW album re-released in its entirety with 12 bonus tracks thrown in for good measure. Ben does an entire set of linear notes but my biggest objection is that in his mentioning of what they were listening to, he left out 7 Seconds. This is essentially a split album between 7 Seconds and SW, with half the songs sounding like each band. Sure Ben rips on some of their mid 80's studio releases, but I really think that 7 Seconds needs more credit. Enough from me, this is what early Screeching Weasel sounded like, less pop, more rawness and some balls. (SS)

(Liberation, PO Box 17746, Anaheim, CA 92817)

SWALLOW THIS- "Mr. T vs. Godzilla" 7"

This red platter somehow reminds me of 80's style hardcore punk, with vocals half spoken and half sung over loud guitars and a quick 4/4 beat behind it all. Even the guitar solos are JFA styled quick flirts in between cheesy metal and surf lines. At times, the backup shout vocals kick in, reminiscent of the same old school anthems. There's even a nice bridge or two thrown in to bring the Southern California beach punk sound full circle. I'd recommend this to just about anyone. (SS)

(Bad Stain, PO Box 35254, Phoenix, AZ 85069)

SWINGIN' UTTERS- "The Sounds Wrong EP" CD

So who cares that they knew I was a sucker for Swinging Utters. This is the re-release of a great EP that was done I think 3 years ago. The original had a different cover if I remember correctly. 5 classic Utters songs and a cover, with of course the superstar being "Stupid Lullabies" which just rules over everything else on this EP. A definite must unless the stores are charging you full length price. (SS)

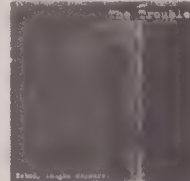
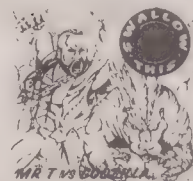
(Fat, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119)

TEN FOOT POLE- "Insider"

This sounds just like the last 10 Foot Pole release. Some songs are fast and some are more melodic and catchy. And, as usual, 10FP comes up with some pretty insightful lyrics. I liked the CD a lot, but I could see it getting old after the first 15 listens. The live show holds you over

after that and gets you motivated to listen to it another 20 times. A very safe buy. (HP)

(Epitaph, 2798 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA 90026)



THE TROUBLE- "Nobody Laughs Anymore" CD

Think if SLAPSHOT didn't hang out with hardcore kids and instead that they hung with only Oi! punks. That's all they ever did, Friday night go bowling with the Oi kids, Saturday night take on the town with the Oi kids, Sunday night see a show with the Oi kids. This is that. Bouncing oi lines and tight, short guitar hits but in the end everything breaks down into a mad Slapshot-esque breakdown. The vocals go mad, hardcore the Boston way comes out of nowhere, complete with chorus chants. Fourteen listed anthems and a "hidden" Joy Division cover completely unlike anything else on the CD. (SS)

(GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

THE TWITS- "s/t" CD

Okay. I'm not exactly sure what Stefan was thinking when he gave this to me, but I must say that it is overall bad. I could be biased, but they have a chick singer that is just not good. I don't know, maybe I'm just not into chicks that try to scream and sound pissed, maybe it's a genetic predisposition to be annoyed by obnoxious high pitched bitch voices, or maybe I'm just not cultured, but when this girl sings it drives me up the fucking wall. However, they have this back up singer that screams and sings a couple of songs himself, and oh-ma-gosh it makes me wanna jizz. It sounds like a totally different band and if you ask me, they should just have the guy sing. But in their defense, the songs are written fairly well, some better than others, and after listening to it for some time, the chick's voice wasn't as grating, so I say at least give

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this a listen once, see if you like it. 2 and 1/2 stars. (EM)
(Dirty Records, PO Box 6869, Glendale, AZ 85312)

UP YOURS- "False Flags" 7"

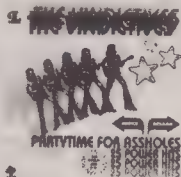
5 long songs to give you your money's worth. The first time I saw Up Yours was at an all day festival in Ft. Collins and it was obvious back then that they had the power to create something that would last. Lyrics range from being political to just plain pissed and drunk. The music is hard crust core that bounces enough at times to be mistaken for some good Oi. However, the intensity and energy that surrounds every song made the biggest impression on me. (SS)
(303 S. Broadway, Suite B131, Denver, CO 80209)

VAGINAL DISCHARGE- "Froth"

This delightful family album will provide hours of fun for children and adults of all ages. You and your kids can sing along to such songs as "Binge and Purge", "Crack Whores Rule", and "Give me a Rim Job". This music can't really be compared to anything else. It's just one guy singing/ screaming and an acoustic guitar, oh yeah, and an occasional harmonica. As the song titles suggest, the song lyrics are hilarious. Excellent music to rock out to when you're in an acoustical mood. Crude, offensive, and very funny. (MM)
(RI, PO Box 1285, Joplin, MO 64802)

THE VINDICTIVES- "Partytime for Assholes" CD

This CD has twenty-five songs on it, that's right 25, one right after the other! You'd think that Joey Vindictive's vocals would give out by the end of this! Every single one of these songs is an old rock 'n roll cover (including the obligatory Vapors- Turning Japanese). They even didn't list the original creators of these songs to fuel a contest seeing who can name every single band covered here. Pretty damn punk rock if you ask me. (SS)
(Liberation, PO Box 17746, Anaheim, CA 92817)



WELT- "Broke Down" CD

Welt have always been one of my favorite pop punk bands. They were driving and catchy enough to make me want to learn the lyrics as quickly as possible. And then the second guitar (yes, they actually use a second guitar to their advantage!) comes in and hooks me for good. This newest disc is filled with ALL influences left and right. Then again the ALL guys produced this and their greatness must have rubbed off. A very solid album. (SS)
(Dr. Dream, 16331 Gothard St, Suite D, Huntington Beach, CA 92647)

WESTON/ DOC HOPPER "The Stepchildren of Rock" CD

All right, so who told Go Kart that deep inside I was a sucker for Weston? God, I remember checking Weston out live at the little Mercury when I was just a wee punk rocker. Hearing these fabulous 16 live tracks honestly brings a tear to my eye. I seriously would pay dear money to visit those days again. And, as if it weren't enough, there's 13 live Doc Hopper tracks to rub the sugary feel in even deeper! But Weston brings it home, drenching me in their punk pop anthems with simple guitar leads and love tales that everyone can relate to! A++ (SS)
(GoKart, POB 20, Prince St. Stat., NY, NY 10012)

WHERE FEAR AND WEAPONS MEET- "s/t" CD

This album is an EP which is a good thing because I don't think I could have finished a full length. The style is old school hardcore, but it is unoriginal (has anyone noticed that these two often go together) and not worth a listen for anyone who is into old school. There are a handful of

new bands out there that can play old school today and pull it off perfectly, but this isn't one of them. (DH)
(Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

YELLOW SLOTH CHICKEN BROTH- "Party of 4" 7"

"Alyssa Milano, I'll take you to McDonalds, for our very first date." So begins the B-side of this EP. Basic punk rock, but still catchy and driving enough to not be called pop punk. Every song is about another famous actress whom the band woos with clever rhymes and catchy beats. A nicely done EP on yellow vinyl. (SS)
(Bad Stain, PO Box 35254, Phoenix, AZ 85069)

YOUTH BRIGADE- "Out of Print" CD+

This is the original version of "Sound and Fury" (original press 800 vinyl). This is different from the "Sound and Fury" repress - it has five of the same songs (out of twelve). In addition it has four more added tracks for a total of sixteen, including the "What Price Is Happiness" 7". On top of all this rare bonus tracked Youth Brigade it is a CD Rom and has cool pictures and short interviews and things. Needless to say this is an absolute must for any Youth Brigade fan. And if you're not a Youth Brigade fan then you should be because they fucking rule, and this album would be a good start. (DH)
(BYO, PO Box 67A64, Los Angeles, CA 90067)



V/a- "Bakamono Store Sampler 1" CD

This CD was designed to pass along cool music. (I know this, I read the insert.) It has succeeded greatly. This contains great songs from bands I have heard of (i.e. Fury 66, Fairlanes, the Thumbs), and some I haven't (i.e. OS101, Downway, Turned Down). It is given away with purchase at the Bakamono store in Denver, so you can't beat the price either. One of the best samplers around these days! (JF)

V/a- "Forward Til Death" CD

This CD features a few unreleased songs, as well as one song from every 1998 release on Lookout. There was quite a variety in musical styles - something for everyone. I liked the Avail songs, and the Groovie Ghoulies track was good, but my favorite was The Donnas' song "Get Rid of the Girl." Also with Pansy Division, Hi Fives, Crimpshrine, Citizen Fish, The Crumbs, and more. (HP)
(Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712)

V/a- "Hymns for the Hearing Impaired V. 1" CD

All right, the metal shards and metal rock that flows through my veins with extensive profusion really wants to like this album. But at the same time the musician in me finds it extremely hard to listen to. This album is 50 tracks of 2 minute to 30 second songs that are just pure thrash. I must say that the first 2 minutes are cool, if only for their novelty, and there are definitely some songs on here that are very well done, but the majority of the album is just generic thrash metal that all sounds the same. If you take this in small quantities it can be very cool. This is a perfect album for the thrash lovers out there, because that is what it is. Metal at not quite it's best, but metal none-the-less. Try it. \$5 ppd. (EM)
(Bad People, PO Box 480931, Denver, CO 80248)

V/a- "Music to Kill For" CD

This comp has a very good variety of different punk rock genres. There is whole lot of what I call "Punkability", that's the word I use for bands that sound like oldies bands, only with distortion and a double-time feel. The common theme's for bands like this tend to be hot-rod cars, beer, and girls. There are a couple of big names too though: Bad Religion, No Use For A Name, Swingin'

Utters, Murphy's law, Screw 32, and a couple of others that are pretty cool. Overall it is a pretty good comp, there are a couple of stinky shits on here, but you have to expect that on any comp. Check it out. 3 and 1/2 stars. (EM)
(Side 1, 6201 Sunset Blvd, Suite 211, Hollywood, CA 90028)

V/a- "No Band Photo Vol. 1" 2 x 7"

First of all, let me say that I think that this is the best kind of compilation because you get multiple songs from each band. Fratelli's, The Proms, Ruth's Hat, and Spodie each deliver one seven inch side of poppy punk, the kind where you know the lyrics before you hear the song for the first time. What it lacks in creativity it makes up for in sheer fun. With a cartoon cover and two blue slabs, this one will be gone quick! (JF)
(Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

V/a- "Possessed To Skate" CD

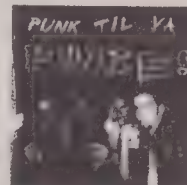
AAAH!!! Somewhere around song number 34 I got lost. Brutality in its simplest form. I don't what kind of skate boarding goes on to this music but it's most likely spazz-filled, high-energy madness in the streets. The music is comparable to 80 skaters all chasing the same police officer down an ally, flailing their skateboards about and destroying everything in their way. The seven bands (Charles Bronson, Spazz, asshole parade, pretentious assholes, unanswered, palatka, + despise you) do all of your favorite hectic speed punk some almost reaching to the power violence spectrum. A collection of the best bands in this genre. (SS)
(Pessimiser, POB 1070, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

V/a- "Punk Till Ya Poop" CD

The music on this compilation is incredible, with excellent songs from great bands such as 'Welt', 'At The Drive In', and 'Mandingo'. However, the recordings are generally of inferior quality, with terrible mastering to boot. One song will have you turning up the volume to barely hear it, but the next will have you running back to turn it down before you blow your speakers. A damn good comp, with awesome songs and shitty production (JF)
(Bad Stain, PO Box 35254, Phoenix, AZ 85069)

V/a- "Punk Till Ya Puke" CD

Stefan sure did dig up some shit this time around for me to review. None of the albums which I was given (except Youth Brigade) are worth a good god damn. Stefan's in trouble - and I know Ed's pissed too. All we can do know is hope that we don't make this the last issue. (DH)
(Bring it on Dustin me and you at sun down and we'll see if I can your ass punk, till ya puke. Bastard (SS))
(Bad Stain, PO Box 35254, Phoenix, AZ 85069)



V/a- "Pure Punk" CD

I really like the stuff that Cyclone has put out. This is another comp in the Cyclone streetpunk/Oi vein with songs from The Boils, Ducky Boys, Randumbs, Squiggy, Weekend Bowlers, Outsiders, 30 Seconds over Tokyo, Unsung Heroes, Cuffs and my favorite song from The Bruisers. (SS)
(Cyclone, 24 Pheasant Run, Merrimack, NH 03054)

V/a- "Put Some Pussy in Your Punk" CD

This is a comp featuring only bands that are either entirely made up of women or are primarily known as being a "woman" band. It serves as great exposure to these bands and I can't say that there isn't a need for this kind of a compilation. My favorite on here is of course Naked Aggression, but check out some of the rest: Loudmouths, X-It, Red No. 9, He's Dead Jim, The Frauds, and 10 more. (SS)
(On the Rag, PO Box 251, Norco, CA 91760)

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MAGAZINE REVIEWS

by
Stefan

ADD # 6

This issue also comes with a CD which accounts for the cover price being \$5 and what not. This zine is pretty good, I've always heard the hype but never seen the type. It features a pretty sweet, full color glossy cover that might even give you nightmares. The columns are pretty fair, but I really enjoyed Dave Disorder's tips on scamming fast food chains. He mentioned some very practical things that one might not have thought of. A band that I've just recently discovered and come to enjoy is PANTHRO UK UNITED 13 and they have a nice interview in here. Also represented are Hot Water Music, Withe (whose singer apparently got bitten in the face by the editor's dog), Agnostic Front, 88 Fingers Louie, Dillinger Four and Turmoil. All in all I bet me and the editor could hang around for hours and talk about music as I really feel I can relate to him. My biggest complaint is the way the music reviews are spread out over pages and pages, it just doesn't hit me as overly efficient. A great zine though.

84 pages with the big cover and newsprint for \$5
7309 N. Huntley Ave., Tampa, FL 33604

Amazing Adventures Of Speeding Cheese #2

Last time I saw this I thought it was pretty cool, and it definitely hasn't gotten worse. This time around there is a little bit more writing which adds to the already super cartoon strip. The best (read: most entertaining) piece was "Smart Money" where you too can learn how to avoid the IRS and keep track of your money. The art is of course the highlight as usual and leads us on yet another exciting adventure. What really makes this stand out is that the editors like Sifi and Oli. I NEVER really had a working television until this fall when I even had free cable and that MTV channel came in. Hell, Sifi and Oli was the funniest thing on TV for a while and now all they have is that Love Line crap. S + O fans unite.

Half size photocopied madness with 16 pages
954 1/2 Marine St, Boulder, CO 80302

Chicken Is Good Food #5

This is the beauty issue that is full of helpful tips on beauty, from how to do facial exercises to prevent wrinkles to avoiding acne. The issue has a format that makes it seem like an old fifties type magazine with clippings from fifties underwear ads and whatnot. There's some good, funny lists and even a "Proletarian Guide to Making Beer." Somehow, this issue didn't jump out at me, there was just something with its feel that didn't attract me. The interviews that they do with bands are done Mad Lib style and both Four Letter Word and the McRakins do pretty good Mad Libs. I really like how on the reviews he scans in the actual CD instead of the cover, it really brings in some uniqueness, but the issue in itself just doesn't stand out.

A stiff, glossy cover and 68 pages for \$2 ppd
PO Box 642634, San Francisco, CA 94164

Colorado Zine Mafia #1

The idea behind this is to consolidate the publicity of several zines and spread it amongst each other. It contains large classifieds from 8 of the state's zines and promises more in the next installment. If you live in the state and want to see what's out there reading-wise, then this is the place to start. This could become something good, as long as everyone involved stays happy with it and it doesn't become an exclusive thing. Check it out a good resource.

One full blue page, folded inn half to make 4, send a stamp for a copy
PO Box 271, Hygiene, CO 80533-0271

Counterculture #3

This is quite the little anarchist manifesto. Much like a big scene report from Profane Existence. Reports from anarchist collectives around the country and around the world, addresses abound. An excellent centerfold article entitled "Hastened Evolution Not Harmful Revolution." While I don't necessarily share the same, sometimes hardline point-of-views presented here, I admire the words being said and realize that they can truly become more than words. There are some damn good ideals presented here. Also comes with the second in a series of 3 articles describing the history of Russian Anarchism. Very well researched and well-written, perhaps somebody did a term paper on this. Something to think about and a good place to start if you're interested.

Fold-out newspaper style, 8 big pages, send a stamp or two
PO Box 65341, Baltimore, MD 21209

Extravomatic #1

Boy this sure does bring back memories. Being a half page zine in a growing mountain town that was too close to Denver to ever become its own metropolis, but too far away to be a suburb. A zine is always a good first step to establish something organized in your community, and this a great example and a good start. There's an in depth interview with Tilt on the Warped Tour, poetry, drawings and a picture of the Evergreen High School Marching Band (hell yeah!). The columns are like they always are in a solid first effort, half of them rants against everything and the other half good political columns or just funny ha-ha writings. The format and layout

have definite room for improvement as some pages are left with my pet peeve of blank white space and the reviews lay on top of each other in an inefficient font size. If you live anywhere near this town, you should pick this up, you'll probably make a couple friends in the process and be a part of building a scene.

32 half sized pages on copy paper for a buck postage paid.
29731 Stagecoach Blvd., Evergreen, CO 80439

Impact Press #18

Oh man, the table of contents didn't line up with the pages, an immediate deterrence that is hard to overcome in the Book Of Stefan. But, make up for it they do. The lead story is a great article on how society perceives women in such a way that many are compelled to get breast enhancing surgery and then goes on to examine the surgery and its negatives. All the articles in here are very well researched and make me want to trust what I am being told. They always attempt to interview as many "experts as possible. The runner-up article of this issue is the "Homeless: Myths, Realities and Remedies" piece that I really enjoyed. Everyone reading this has seen someone homeless before, and this is the first step do thinking a little it deeper about it. This is a political zine that is targeted to the punk crowd, with music advertising and reviews, and I think it's a damn good idea. Get informed. Get Impact.

48 pages of newsprint, \$1 ppd
10151 University Blvd Suite 151, Orlando, FL 32817

Life In a Bungalow #7

As soon as you crack the cover of this half sized zine, you find a paper written about the editor by a rival classmate in an Advanced Journalism class. Our fearless editor, George, grabbed this paper off of teacher's desk and got a peek at his classmate's shots at him and the comments that his displeased teacher returned. It's a good read and really gets your hopes up for the remainder of the zine. There's a funny interview with GWAR with them telling us how they really are from a different planet and are ready to overthrow the human race. The rest of the zine contains columns that are interesting and above average and an interview with Tre Cool of Green Day where we find that the editor is disappointed to learn that Tre really is a rock star jerk. The record reviews are not better than average, but contain a VERY wide variety of music styles, in fact over 50% of them probably wouldn't be allowed in a maximum rock n roll type project and it's cool to see them hear. The issue ends (well almost) with an interview with Brian Baker of Bad Religion, one of the editor's favorite bands, it's pretty good, as interviews should be when they're with your favorite band. Some good writing, worth your buck.

36 half size pages for one dollar in the mail
PO Box 413, W.O.B., West Orange, NJ 07052

Loose Screws #17/ Dogpile #3

I've never seen either of these zines (although Dogpile sounds familiar, hmmm..) and I think that a split is a good idea for zines that are ready to broaden their coverage. Loose Screws doesn't really get warmed up until they are towards the end of their half. The writing and articles get longer and better. The first few pages of LS is made up of short bits and pieces that don't leave me satisfied. Dogpile is a lot more of a personal compilation of writings and all in all has a much higher word count, even though the words are often hand written (certainly not a bad thing). The editor is very sporadic and it's sometimes a fun challenge to follow along and keep up, but the writing is effective. Both zines are definitely trying to put out some work and the split issue makes everything better.

48 half size pages for \$1 ppd (I think)
1124 Clear Springs Road, Virginia Beach, VA 23464

Lumpen Vol. 7 Issue 8

This isn't the type of zine that we normally review here so I thought that I'd try something new. Lumpen is a very professional looking zine that still reaches into the counterculture crowd and entertains. Lots of "news you can abuse", write-in advice columns write-ups on nudism. There's a nice article on the Labor Party and another one on wrestlers running for political office. Of all the stories in here the best are a tale about an office Christmas party and one about an aging dog who is muzzled until he finds a female with the same problems. There's also a series of articles and write-ups on computers and gaming and technology with amusing comments and titles such as, "So you want to be a computer programmer?" There's also a page where they print pictures that they have found on the street in the hopes of reuniting them with their owners and some of them are quite fascinating in a weird way.

Full color glossy cover and then 56 pages of good paper for \$4 ppd
PO Box 47050, Chicago, IL 60647

Madbomber #4

I guess the best way that I could describe this zine is lots of little tidbits sitting on the pages. Every tidbit has its own box and some are hilarious, while some make you feel

page 62+1=63 (almost got you!)

like you wasted your time on that particular box. The focus of the zine definitely lies in ska, despite the cover putting it on an equal level with punk, hardcore and emo. But that's okay, the interviews are the best for the genre, featuring The Specials, Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Hepcat, Spring Heeled Jack, Big D and the Kids Table, Assorted Jellybeans, Boxer and the Usuals. Then there also several pages of reviews (print and music), some of them pretty good at painting an accurate picture of the release. The article on putting out a zine says nothing new and is pretty much common sense, although their intentions were definitely good. This definitely has the potential to become one of the nation's premier ska zines, just not right now.

32 pages of newsprint with a nice (but perhaps offensive to some) cover, \$1 ppd
C/o Brian and Matt, 12850 St. Rd 84 11/10, Davie FL 33325

Midget Breakdancing #10

So a new MBD is upon us. The layout is good and speaks loads for Macintosh as (well at least at the school I'm attending right now) the Mac product line is regarded as absolute crap by many. The columns leave something to be desired. Justin Theways' story ends in this issue and all of the other columns here fit in just over a page. Then again, there is a whole page in this issue devoted to asking for contributors, and yet another page pushing subscriptions, and yet another page pushing distribution. I guess everything always works out in the long run though.

Stuart continues to show what is a greater and greater leaning towards everything classified emo, with interviews with At the Drive In and Mineral (and then also with The Criminals, Kat Records, Rotodesign and Eye Candy zine) and a story/ journal entry entitled "Sometimes." There are also articles on Breakdancing, Atari 2600 and Conan O'Brien plots. The highlight of the issue really lies in the "A sunny Day Story" by Beano relating his successful experience with fighting cancer. This is a very positive thing to hear as I know two fathers that have died of cancer and we keep on hearing only negative stories. Read this story.

Full size and printed on newsprint 40 pages of it for \$2 ppd
PO Box 271, Hygiene, CO 80533-0271

Punk Fiction #9

This issue of Punk Fiction boasts a "Glow in the Dark Cover." Needless to say it's a very clever cover, my copy has yellow and blue that really do glow in the dark, but

I won't give away anything more than that as I feel that you should send these Canadians the \$2 to find out their trade secrets, otherwise you know, everyone would be doing it. This issue features good articles on non-racist and traditional skinheads and experiences with vegetarianism. It also has a pretty sweet cartoon strip "Punk Boy" that I don't recall ever having seen before. The interview of the issue is with Jen Angel who does the Zine Yearbook and Fucktooth zine and also helped run MRR, or at least was supposed to be the next big one in charge while Tim was around. There are also more Corporate Crook Trading Cards that you'll learn something new with if you read them all. Exposing some of the big name giants out there. Overall this is quite a wholesome little cut n paste zine filled with information.

Half size stapled papers, 48 pages, \$2
1011 Upper Middle Rd. E #1314, Oakville, Ontario, Canada, L6H 5Z9

Skyscraper #4

I found it hard to relate to some of this issue. There are interviews with a whole bunch of bands, many of which haven't come through this neck of the woods in the last six months and won't in the next six. I always love seeing a band in concert and then reading an interview with them to dive deeper into their personality- and the interviews in here are fairly good. Most are very lengthy and one really has to be motivated to read an interview all the way through. That aside, the interviews are in depth and don't add to the misconception of interviews in fanzines sucking real bad. The questions are well thought out and in turn appreciated by the bands. The ads in here are a good thing because they break up the monotony of having the millions of words in here all be of the same general font and size. I guess the target audience is not your average fan of the underground, but more the artsy, keep-to-yourself kids who have private, invitation-only indie rock parties in their basements. This is not the kind of magazine that you would send the demo tape of your "punk" band, hoping to get credit for the years of practice you put into your passion. Yet, the reviews are often as critical as they should be. If you're interested in reading something equivalent to your friend giving you notes on what music they've been listening to, then this is the one for you.

120 pages, glassy cover for three dollars
PO Box 4432, Boulder, CO 80306

Slug & Lettuce #57

Help! My copy of Slug and Lettuce has super-light to none at all ink on several pages, I hope that this isn't the case with most copies. This is one of those zines where you really feel like you miss out when you can't read something like I can't right now. For anyone who has followed Christine's works, her intro thoughts (there's a lot of them) are very interesting. There's the next installment of something that S & L just started which is called "The Future Generation" and is almost as good of a punk parenting column as Christian's is. The classifieds of course fill the bulk of this paper, but I actually read most of them and if you will too you'll see the attraction of responding to at least a handful of them like I do. One of

my favorite parts of this is always the pictures that are scattered throughout the music reviews, and the reviews themselves are good to top everything off.

20 big newspaper style pages all for only 55 cents
PO Box 26632, Richmond, VA 23261-6632

SORE #7

This continues to grow with each pressing. The sheer quantity of words within this issue is much greater than past issues. The columns are at least all interesting and seem absolutely perfect for a half-size zine. Each columnist gets their half page and then tries to stay away from what the other columnists are saying. It also includes a letter from a kid (from Colorado nonetheless) and I was very impressed that the editor printed it and commented on it. I read the letter first and said to myself that this couldn't just be printed without being commented on and I was very glad to see a note from the editor at the bottom of the page. There are also zine reviews and pretty good music reviews. Overall the absence of interviews gives it a more personal ring and makes the columns stick out more, which can sometimes be an alarming thing as I was quite depressed after reading "I can't Even Focus" by an old correspondence of mine Mikey. Check it out.

8 papers folded in half yields 32 pages, can be yours for \$1 ppd
PO Box 68711, Virginia Beach, VA 23471

Ten Things Jesus Wants You To Know #20

For those of you that have never seen this, I'm sorry. It's a good, packed from cover to cover zine with interesting interviews and good reviews (tons of zine reviews). This issue has interviews with June of 44, The Catheters, The Misfits, Portrait of Poverty, and a couple with area promoters. There's a nice story that I was drawn to about Dan, the editor going to Las Vegas to get married in order to avoid a lotta hoopla. There are a lot of columns, most of them by intelligent, big names, the biggest being of course Mr. Ben Weasel himself. But my favorite two pages of the entire issue was the Ten Things Question of the Issue asking punks about their experiences losing it. It was very fascinating, I definitely recommend that all of you check it out. This is a good zine that stays pure with a not overwhelmingly large circulation that you may not have seen, but are definitely missing out.

80 pages of newsprint in a nice fat glossy cover for \$3 ppd in the US
8315 Lake City Way NE #192, Seattle, WA 98115

Three Sheets to the Wind #4

This is a cut n paste n copy zine, in all of its half page ecstasy. I sometimes love the half page zines more because it truly adds a more personal feel. This particular zine looks

back up me, half hand written and half typed. Their use of page space is mediocre, but yet very effective at bringing across that personal feel. It's not a difficult read at all, you won't find yourself stuttering over poetic phrases or tough vocabulary words you didn't bother learning in high school. It's just several pages of rants and stories, ranging from the well-thought out and planned to the spur of the moment, hard to follow passage. Also comes with an interview of the Motards, although it's hardly noticeable in the grand scheme of things.

24 half size pages if you send a stamp
PO Box 40001, Portland, OR 97240-0001

Wonka Vislon #5

This continues to be a damn good zine with each new issue. This one boasts short (too short if you ask me) interviews with Modest Mouse, Tuesday, 88 Fingers Louie, Everlast (you know, House of Pain), and then some local favorites. I think that the local bands idea is well executed, where each band is interviewed in a page and given some recognition for their work. The idea behind promoting local bands in a zine (like RITH) is to get their name out of the state and into the heads of kids across the country for the next national tour they do. The biggest interview and the biggest font on the cover goes to Rancid, with a nice interview. But wait there's more. There's a page devoted to talking to Save Ferris about whether they shit themselves on stage or not (apparently they have), and a cool conversation with Anti-Flag, who I think is one of the finest bands to interview out there, about dating advice. The biggest disappointment by far in this issue were the interviews with Tilt and Discount which were supposed to spur controversy and see if the bands wanted to kill each other, but in the end yielded very little. People that hate interviews (these are better then most) with a variety of bands will probably not enjoy this issue as much as I did, so don't tell me I didn't warn you.

72 pages of newsprint and then a big glossy cover with red ink for \$2 ppd
206 Twining Ford Rd., Richboro, PA 18954

Zine Guide #2

My biggest complaint is that this took forever to come out. That aside, this absolutely rocks. It's like a massive yellow pages for zines, listed alphabetically and then indexed by subject and bands and on and on. If you are at all a fan of zines you need to get this. You can collect every interview done with your favorite band and look what your old high school friend's zine is up to these days. Then there are survey results of the top zines according to labels, other zines, etc. Very useful, like a Swiss Army knife- the ultimate resource!

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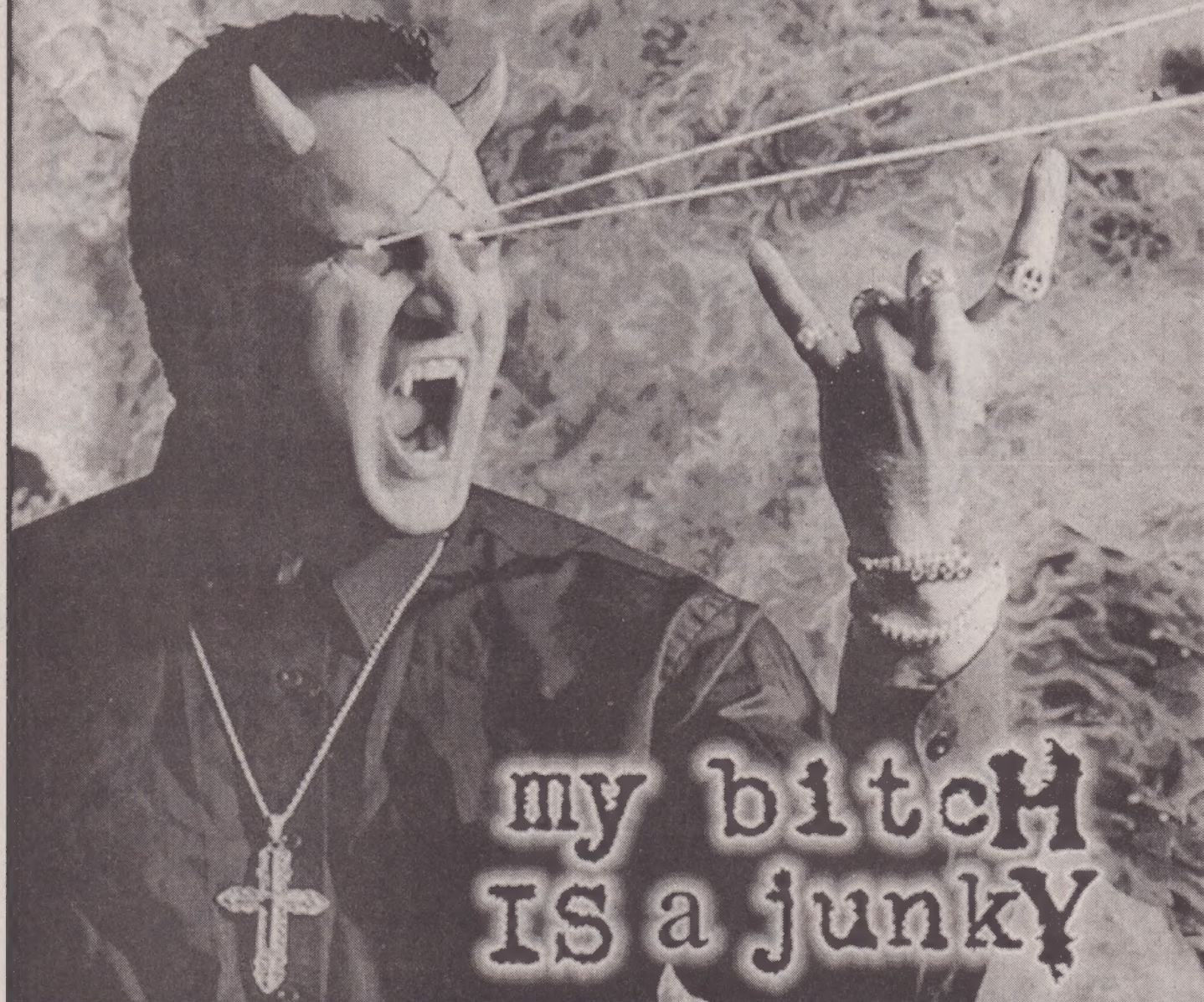
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HEY PUNK! WHICH ONES ARE YOU MISSING?



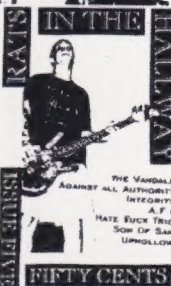
#3- Interviews with SQUIRTGUN (Mass Giorgani), SICK OF IT ALL, ANTI-FLAG, THIRD DEGREE; Monkey Wrenching by Justin Vamped; "Notorious Rolling A" cartoon; Ross Haenfler cover art; Eric Rasmussen art; columns.

44 pages- half size



#4- Interviews with GUTBUCKET, DAVE PACO (PACO GARDEN/ MESSY HAIRS/ FOUR), THE FACET; What Punk Rock Is To Me" by Kent from Ebullition; "Notorious Rolling A"; punk columns; Eric Rasmussen and Ross Haenfler art.

36 pages- half size



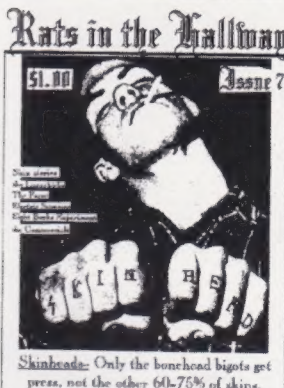
#5- Interviews with THE VANDALS, AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY, INTEGRITY, AFI, HATE FUCK TRIO, SON OF SAM, UPHOLLOW; Food Not Bombs primer; loads of columns. Art by the masters- Ross Haenfler and Eric Rasmussen.

48 pages- half size



#6- RITH makes the jump to newsprint while still trying to maintain our cut n' paste sincerity. Interviews with the BOUNCING SOULS, GOOBER PATROL, THE BROADWAYS, FERD MERT, MAILORDER CHILDREN, Petrol Apathy (is Dan a very bad man answered); Ross Haenfler cover; Food Not Bombs Denver; Straightedge; Police Treatment.

Full size- 40 pages



#7- The Skinhead Issue- lots of anti- racist and skinhead info and columns. Interviews with THE FORCE, THE LUNA-CHICKS, ELECTRIC SUMMER, THE 8 BUCKS EXPERIMENT, THE COMMERCIALS; "Is Marching Band Punk Rock?" debate; "Essence of a Generation" poem; art by Eric and Ross; music and zine reviews.

Full size- 48 pages

rats in the hallway

#8 Remember when we were all just 'the kids'?

\$1



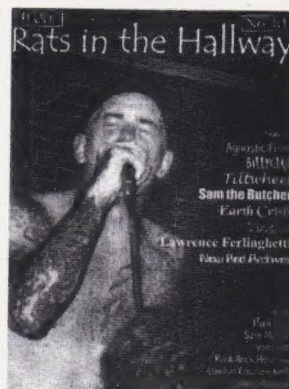
united we're strong

#8- Interviews with HAGFISH, DIESEL BOY, PIETASTERS, JUDGE ROUGHNECK, ARMCHAIR MARTIAN; Punk Pop; Chumbawamba discussion; Skinhead, Ska and Scooters columns; art by Ross and Eric; Nick Maas' column returns; much more.

Full size- 48 pages



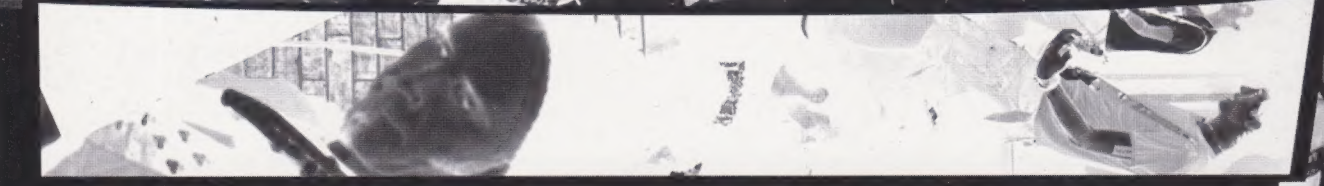
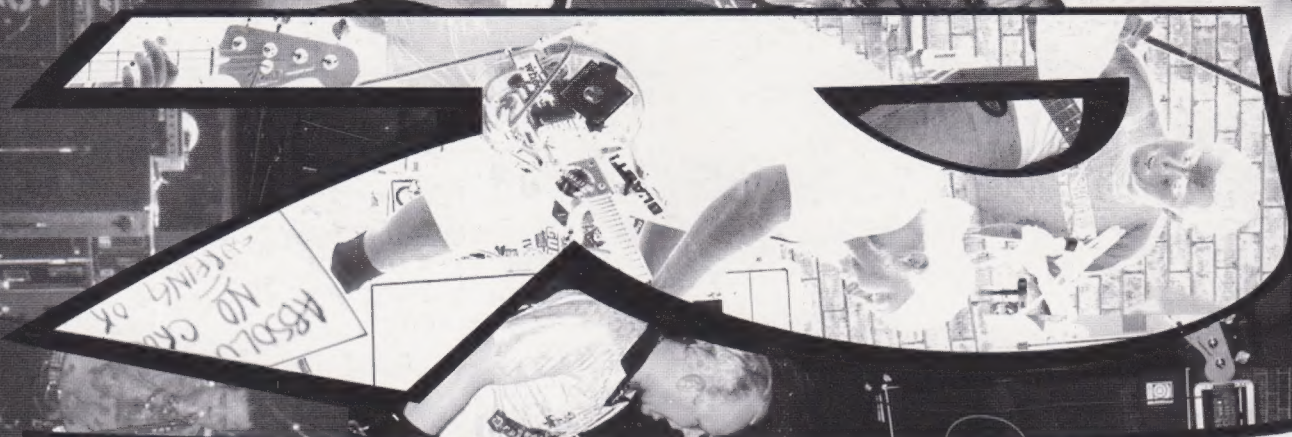
#9- "Is the Warped Tour Evil or Not?" interviews with FURY 66, LESS THAN JAKE, TILT and MXPX; Chumbawamba responds; Mike and Sue's not-so-average-relationship; Punk Pop Christian Beansprout; Corey Skanker; Evan O'Meara; Mike McCabe; Double cover madness by Ross Haenfler; music and zine reviews; and a whole lot more fun on newsprint! Full size- 48 pages



#10- Interviews with Agnostic Front, Billyclub, Tiltwheel, Sam the Butcher, Earth Crisis, Shogun, Lawrence Ferlinghetti (Beat writer), and New Red Archives. Columns from Comfort Creature Kap, Justin Vamped, Punk Pop, Silent Majority, Free Mumia, Seth Ferranti and tons (I mean tons) more. Full size- 56 pages

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Appearing: 88 Fingers Louie, Agnostic Front, Apocalypse Hoboken, Billyclub, Discount, Dropkick Murphys, Floorpunch, Fury66, The Gamins, The Invaders, Marky Ramone, The Messy Hairs, Sam the Butcher, Sloppy Seconds, Swingin' Utters, Tiltwheel, US Bombs, Welt.